MATURITY WITH CLASS

CHIRON RISING

ISSUE 69 $5.95

CR

GATHERING '95 IN ORLANDO

ADULTS ONLY

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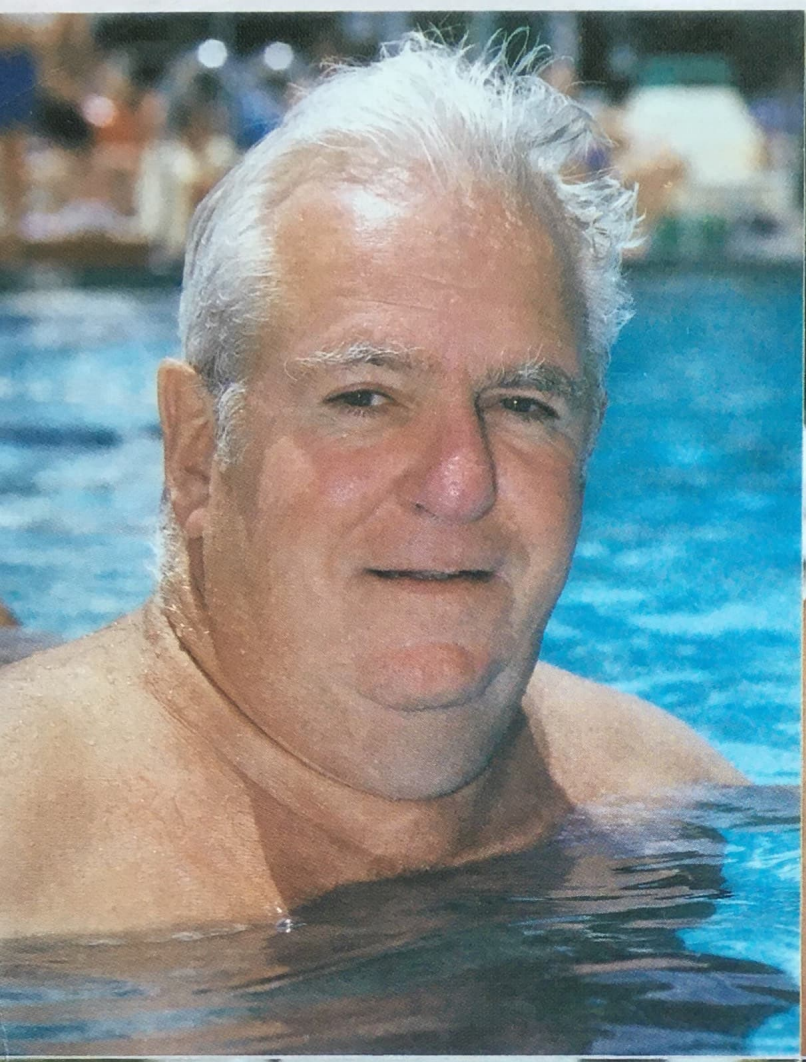

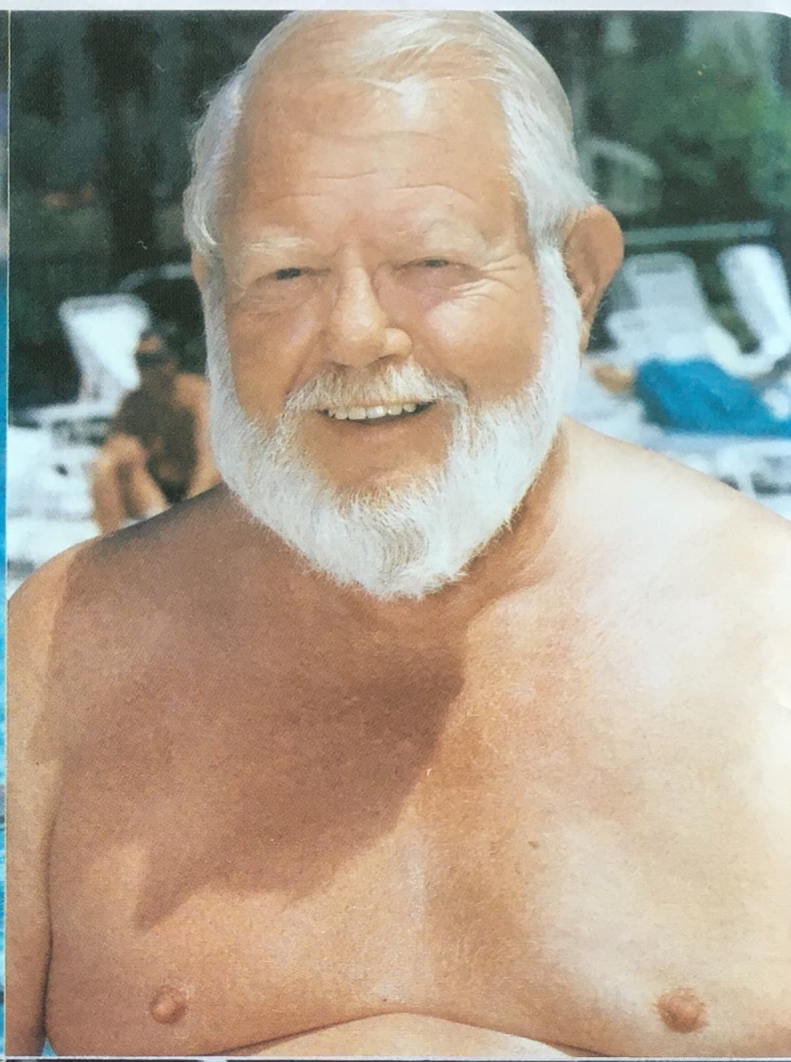

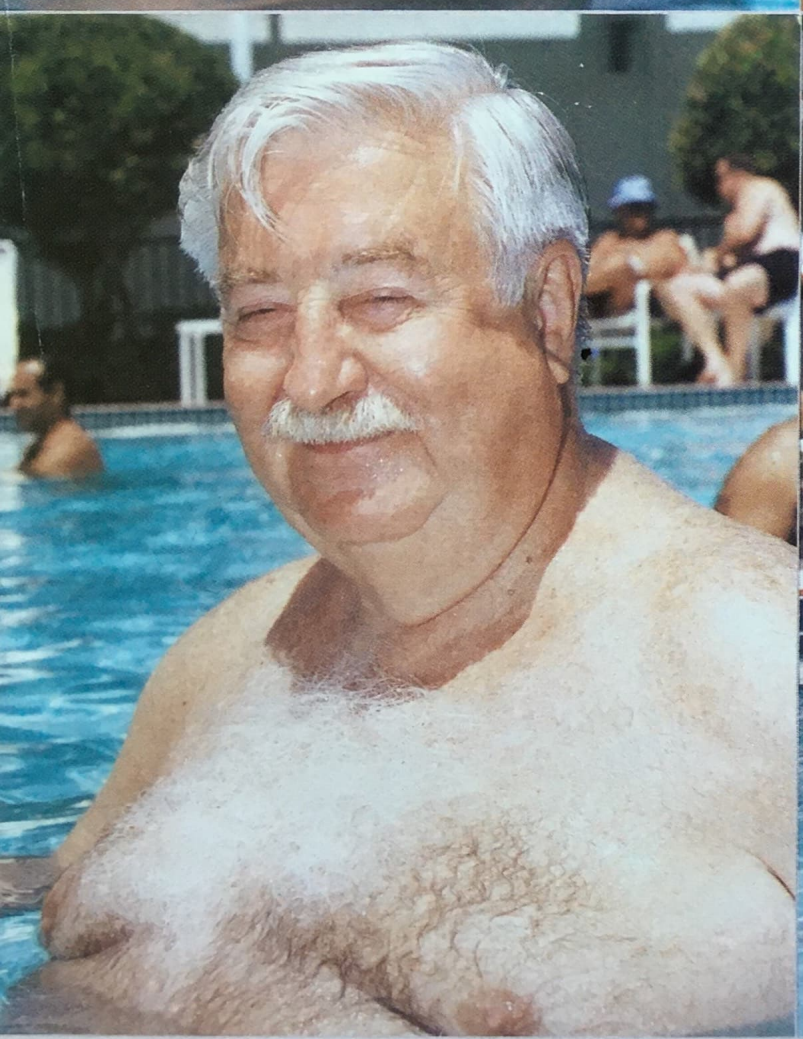

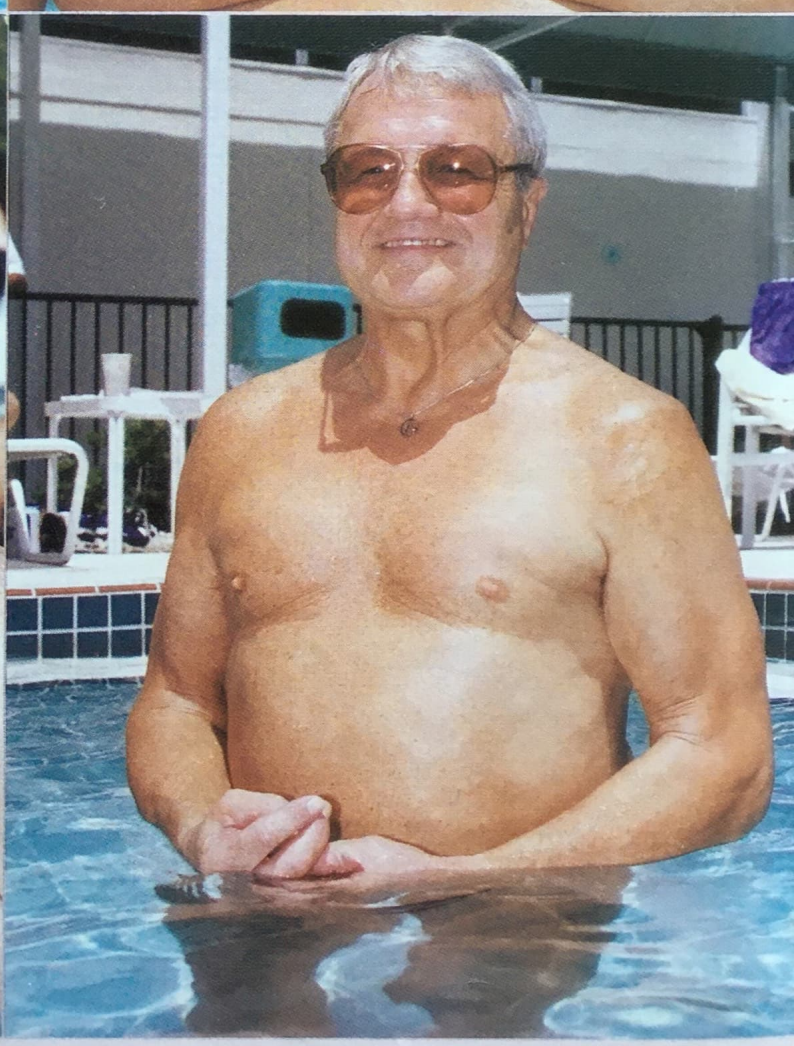

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ISSUE 69

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FRONT COVER AND PAGE 2 PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHOTOMAN

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MATURE MEN AND INTERGENERATIONAL VIDEOS WITH CLASS

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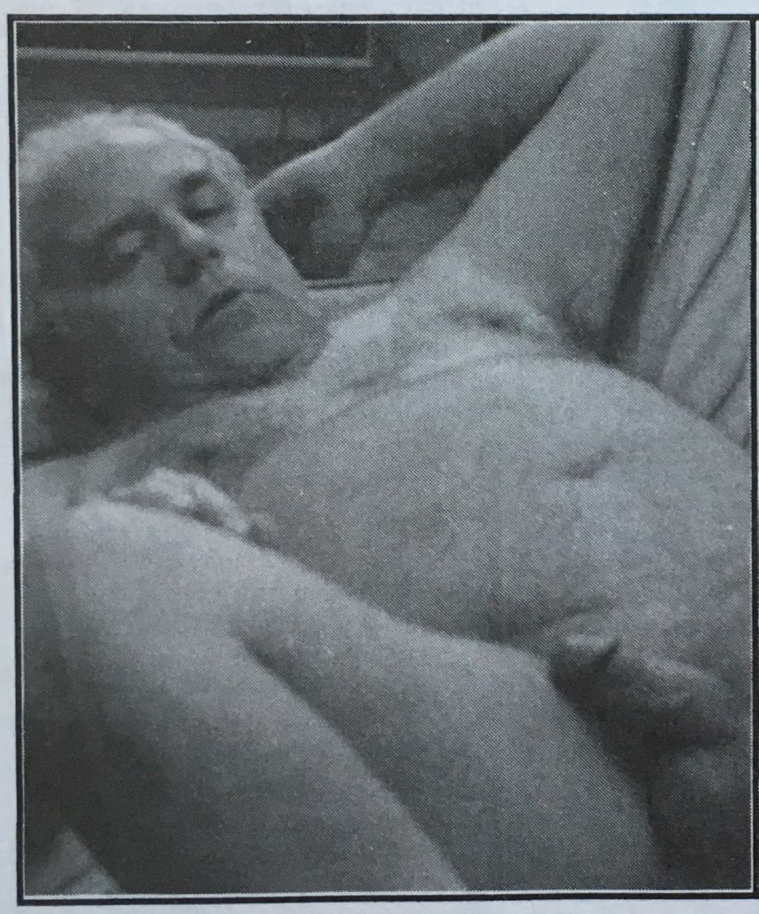

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See ordering instructions in the back of this issue.

FORUM

I LOVE IT WHEN YOU'RE HYSTERICAL

Where in the hell are my videos? It's been six weeks! Here's a copy of my money order. Some of us have to work hard for our money. You may not think $117.90 is a lot of money, but to me it is. If I don't get these videos soon then please refund my money. If you can't produce, don't put the ad in the magazine. If I don't get my videos or money, I will contact the Better Business Bureau. People just don't give a shit. Thank you very much. M.M./ Indiana

It's been over a month since I sent out my order for "Mojave." Please answer ASAP! Don't let me down with the first order. Please don't make me feel like fooled by an old man. Life is still young for me (30 years of age, but I look a little younger). I don't like to live the rest of my life feeling cheated, especially by an old man. I've always been a Daddy and Grandpa lover. Please just let me keep a good image, would you please! If there's something wrong with that M/O, the letter, or anything else, please drop me a note and tell me what I should do. Give me some faith to be your regular customer. I've subscribed to DADDY and am going to subscribe to DADDY BEAR. You, CR, how can you do this to me? I received DADDY's back issues in two weeks right after I sent the money order. See? From Taiwan to U.S. and back took only two weeks. How about you? I don't understand why it took you so long for my order, not to mention I have NOT received anything. Losing the money is no big deal, but losing my faith in you—that is a big problem. PLEASE WRAP IT CAREFULLY! J.L./Taiwan

Of course, it was stupid of us to advise customers to allow 3 to 5 weeks for delivery of videos. Who are we to estimate how long mail should take? We've therefore changed the allowance and explain as follows: In the case of J.L./ Taiwan, his order took 12 days to get here. We processed and shipped in 3 weeks. With M.M./Indiana's order, we received the order in 7 days and took 3 weeks to process and ship. We do not ship in less than 3 weeks because we receive our share of hot checks and the notice from the bank takes a minimum of 2 weeks to get to us. New suggestion: allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. That is not a promise, however. When inquiring about an order, please cool it on the offensive rip-off rhetoric. PHC

OPEN RELATIONSHIPS

I would like my two pennies worth of thought to PAPA BEAR's articles about relationships. I did some analyzing of that matter too. The formula A+C+T+L= a good relationship, comes very close to my thinking. TRUST is perhaps the most important part. One must come to a point where one is certain that the partner will never do anything that would hurt the relationship without informing you. A relationship has to be an open one. I am convinced that a monogamous relationship between sexually active homosexuals does not exist. Exceptions are only the proof of the rule. Most of the time this may be just relationships of convenience between sexually not interested or impotent partners. On the other hand we must realize that "staying together" is completely voluntary. We must accept the decision and cannot do anything against it, should our partner tell us that he had found a "better one." Of course, here could come in FEAR of losing the partner and JEALOUSY. But both emotions are destructive and will not bring your partner back into your arms. On the contrary, all that is left for you is the certainty that your partner made a bad decision. COMMUNICATION: also essential. Your partner has to know (and trust that he knows) about the outside-goings-on. When there is trust, this is no problem. It is destructive when you learn from outsiders about your partner's deeds. He must be the one who tells you. AWARENESS also falls into that category. LOVE. Here, our thoughts go apart. In my extreme thinking I aver that love is only an invention of romantic poets. Psychologically analyzed (this is not my invention) love is not more than the desire to repeat a pleasant experience. Almost like a compulsive gambler on a slot machine. But I know, of course, not many people are willing to accept this thesis. Also, in my opinion, it is important that both partners are equal and maintain their individuality. Playing roles like Father/Son, Master/ Slave, Top/Bottom are doomed after some time. The father thinks the son is too old. The son grows up and wants to be a personality himself. It is similar with all the other cases. Certainly this writing needs a lot of clarifications: how and why I came to these conclusions. It would take too much space to do that now. Under these auspices I had three relationships in my life. They ended because my partners (who were considerably older) died. We had an open relationship. Anything was allowed and our desire for each other was at least as good at the end than at the beginning. Looking back, it amazes me how little outside affairs we had. There was satisfaction at home and just knowing that we could do it kept us, most of the time, from doing it. In short, our relationship was almost monogamous. This is perhaps the gist of the matter. When two partners tell me, "We know each other so long we are not interested anymore in each other," I cannot understand. It would interest me to hear what you think about my

thoughts. A big hug and all the best. MICHAEL OF GERMANY/Munich

Readers? MICHAEL has offered us a lot to chew on. Personally, I believe that LOVE is an inordinately powerful and complex emotion that can never be fully comprehended. PHC

THE ZERO FACTOR

For some time now I have been hashing over the possibility of dropping my subscription to CR. I have the feeling of guilt and being a traitor to the cause, but after five plus years and a miserable track record of zero, I think I had better face the reality that there isn't a Mr. Right out there. CR has and is doing so much for so many, and I am thankful to you guys and pleased for the many who have found "better" through the pages of CR. Please do not think that I need a donated subscription, for I can always scrape together twenty dollars for the three issues. I just don't need the pictures, ads, stories and reports of successful unitings, etc. Next year, I will be 62 and will try entering retirement. With that experience plus my new medical problems and hopefully a move to a warmer elevation (like Tucson, which I like). I think I have enough on my mind without the hopes of finding a special someone to enter my life. So many possible relationships failed in the past, and I am not stupid enough to think it was all their fault. My dear friend, you have been so kind to me since my first photo and hopes back in 1990. I feel ashamed to back away now. I feel like I am deserting a sinking ship (mine, not yours). Your ship is hale and hardy, doing so much good for so many men out there. I wish you the Amazon strength to keep you well, healthy and ever constant in your endeavors. So, dear friend, with this letter, please cancel my subscription to CR. I really can't take any more of this. Much love to you, Bruce, the staff, and all good men of CR. (Model name withheld)

It is quite heartening to know that we give so many of our readers the faith that they will ultimately find Mr. Right. Unfortunately, because of a string of failures or health problems or very low self-esteem, too many of our readers believe they are doomed to live without a partner. The last thing they need, they feel, is to see men finding the happiness they will never experience. My message to the above model and all those other readers who feel the same: a string of failures is no indicator of "fault." You "fail," you try again, and again, and again until you get it right. You fall down, you get back up. If you lie there, you die. PHC

MORE FLAK FOR G.O./SAN DIEGO

Dear G.O./San Diego (FORUM, CR 67 and 68): Every publisher has two primary responsibilities. The first is to serve the best interest of the readership; the second is to the stockholders of the publication. To suggest that the publisher of CR encourage his readers to "Come Out Of The Closet" is ludicrous, irresponsible and tantamount to corporate suicide. While some of us "Have It Like That" to live our lives in the manner we wish, the cold facts are that quite a few of us, for reasons which should be lucid, CHOOSE not to disrupt the patterns which keep money in our pockets and our families together. This does not mean that those who are "Closeted" are any less devoted toward achieving total acceptance than those who live an open gay life-style. History has shown of many battles which have been fought and won without standing toe to toe exchanging blow for blow. One may deduce it more likely than not that the majority of the CR readership are of the mostly gay persuasion, but you are taking great liberties by assuming the publisher makes his living off of the gay community at large. The readers and supporters of CR hail from a variety of cultural, religious, ethnic, and believe it or not, SEXUAL backgrounds. From public service, to military service. From traditional gay life-styles, to traditional heterosexual family oriented life-styles, and life-styles in between, CR caters to a broad demograph. Yes, the pockets of the CR stockholders are probably beginning to get fat, but this comes after many years of hard work, struggle and sacrifice. In my humble opinion, the publisher is fulfilling his primary responsibility to his readers and owes no debt to any one community. Being open about one's sexual preference is a choice that will be made by an individual when the time is right. It's obvious that your time has already arrived, but while you may have walked out of your sexual closet, you've allowed yourself to become closeted to the fact that for some people, "Coming Out" would spell certain social, economic, and personal disaster. SONSHINE/New England

G.O./San Diego should give his brain an enema. I'll bet a paycheck that one issue of CR brings a hell of a lot more men out of the closet than one issue each of The *Advocate, Bay Area Reporter, Orange County Blade* and *Frontier* combined. The outing-happy, brow-beating queer establishment could learn a lot from CR. G.D./Los Angeles

Please cancel my subscription. G.O./San Diego

RESPONSES FROM THE GAY AND LESBIAN MEDIA

[The following letter is published on condition of anonymity:]

The letter from H.C./San Diego (FORUM, #68) prompts me to write. I work at (a large gay and lesbian newsmagazine). Part of my job is to scour all major newspapers and wire releases for gay and lesbian related news. I also read every gay and lesbian news publication, so I'm familiar with the fact that CR rarely gets mentioned. Granted, your magazine is often looked upon with disdain by editors who find older men repulsive, but the fact remains that most of our readers feel the same way. If mainstream gay and lesbian newsmagazines are read by a large segment of the senior population, they

surely don't make their presence known with letters to the editors. Why, therefore, should we go out of our way to review your book? For the information of your readers, most publications don't commission book reviews. Writers pretty much review what they want and sell the reviews to us. Perhaps the reason a review of *Quincunx* hasn't appeared anywhere is because none of ***your*** writers have seen fit to review it for a wider audience. The authors you mention who would benefit from the success of a book publishing company should get the lead out and write some reviews of the book for the gay and lesbian and alternative presses. You're doing all the work and they're waiting for the fairy god mother. (Initials/Location Withheld)

[The following letter was received anonymously, but good sources reveal it is authentic.]

Sorry about my anonymity, but I'm one of those gay media bosses you're pissed at. I just want to tell you that you are partially correct in your assessment. The younger, more activist-oriented queers who edit and contribute to the array of queer zines and newspapers will always take a pass on your brand of entertainment and social consciousness because they quite frankly think of you as a traitor. Mature publishers like me don't get involved with the content of our own publications, but we secretly admire what you are doing. Surprised? Quite frankly, even if your book *Quincunx* (a masterpiece, by the way) were reviewed by the larger gay and lesbian literary review magazines, few of the readers would buy your book. If you want to know the best publications in which to advertise, look no further than the alternative life-style newspapers in the larger cities and within your own publication. That's right. CR has the largest readership of mature gay and bisexual men than any other publication except perhaps *Modern Maturity*. I'm active on AOL and can see how it helps you grow. I know your distributor and know how your magazine has taken off in the stores. Don't waste your time with the gay and lesbian media. You will find your loyal readers by word of mouth, not through ads in The *Advocate*. Don't waste space reciprocating ads with the Bears and Big Men's magazines—use the space for more photos. Don't give the time of day to the senior organizations. Trust me. They are NOT your friends. Your cornerstone sits atop your testicles. You started CR and you have the keys to make it thrive and serve men like me for years to come. More people than you know are in your corner. A Friend in the Biz

CONCERNING THE GAY MYSTIQUE

I find it very interesting that so many gay men seem to feel that we *must* throw our sexual orientation in everyone else's face! They seem to feel that "being gay" is a lifetime profession. Everything in their lives is immersed in their gayness. They are not simply human beings; they are GAY human beings. I have a fairly large library. A young nellie once came by and saw all the books. "Oh," he said. "You must be researching the history of gay life!" So many men seem to live *only* to be gay and insist that everyone knows it. It is as if they cannot accept themselves as a human being except in the context of the gay and lesbian movement. (Do I sense a basic insecurity?) "Coming out" is all well and good. It is healthy to come out to ourselves and our friends and to accept ourselves for what we are. But, as a friend of mine (who despises the "gay mystique") told me, "I'm not gay! I just love to suck cocks!" Not flaunting our sexual orientation does *not* necessarily mean that we are in the closet. I don't mind accepting the word "gay" to define my sexual desires. But, I work for a doctor. An M.D. He is a wonderful person. I love him very much. (And this is not to be construed in a sexual sense.) He is very straight, however; his favorite topic is "pussy." He loves women the same way I love men. This adds to all the things we have in common. I assume that, someday, he will discover that I am gay. I do not hide the fact. But, I don't feel the need to tell him right now. I think it would embarrass him—and perhaps shock him. I suspect that he would begin to feel very uncomfortable around me. I think that he might begin to see me as a *gay* human being instead of a fellow human being. The Gay Mystique conformists tend to *emphasize* the *differences*. Except in what turns us on sexually, I see no basic differences. (And, indeed, how well we all know that what turns *me* on may turn *you* off. A century ago, Havelock Ellis concluded that each person's sexual taste is different to some degree, and, therefore, there is no such thing as "the norm.") Do I lie simply because I do not blatantly express my gayness to everyone? I think not. If someone feels the need to ask me, "Are you gay?", I would answer, "Yes." Rather, I would call it "dissembling." To protect me? Yes, I suppose. But, it is also to protect others. So many would feel embarrassed and uncomfortable in my presence. Like the herd of Gay Mystique-ists, many straight people tend to see only the differences. I was reared in a lower middle-class WASP family. I was taught all sorts of prejudices. "The blacker they are, the dumber they are." "Orientals are inscrutable. It is impossible to understand them." "All Jews are rich and dishonest." "You can never get close to a Catholic." We spoke of Spicks, Bohunks, Wops, Shanty Irish "with lace curtains on the windows and a pig in the parlor." (Of course, we had to add the "Shanty" since more than one third of my family's ancestry was Irish.) It took a lot of experiencing and learning (and loving—and that *is* meant in a sexual sense) to "unlearn" all those vicious lies. (The lies are vicious; the people who repeated them were not.) Well—we must never forget that The Holocaust was directed against homosexuals as well as Jews. (And the Japanese were "Honorary Aryans.") Now ... I insist that there are good and bad in every race (if, indeed, there is such a thing as "different races"), every religion, every nationality, every culture, every ethnic group. (I have even encountered a few good Republicans.) To be sure, anyone who has been fairly promiscuous knows that

there is also good sex and bad sex. Are we responsible for the prejudices and mistakes of our ancestors? I think not. (If so, then we are *all* guilty!) But we *are* responsible for what we *do, say, think, believe.* I do not believe that we are helping to achieve a better world by stressing differences. Perhaps I'm wrong. (That doesn't really bother me. I've been wrong so often.) But—I don't think so. Julian Tebye/ Los Angeles

1414

I heard that all the rooms at the Twin Towers were disinfected after the Gathering. Sounds pretty homophobic to me. D.W./Florida

I stayed another day after the Gathering and overheard two maids talking in Spanish about room 1414. It was obvious that none of the maids wanted to clean the room until it was disinfected. Was it trashed? Please don't tell me they left condoms and poppers behind. You really shouldn't allow orgy rooms. A.C./Florida

I very much enjoyed the gathering in Orlando and plan to attend the one in San Diego. One negative aspect of these events is the desire of some to irresponsibly whore it up. I saw the line of men trying to get in to room 1414 and naively stood on line, thinking it was a great cocktail party going on. Upon seeing the nature of sexual activity, I was sickened. I wonder how many left Orlando freshly infected with herpes, hepatitis, tuberculosis and HIV? I assume you don't go along with this since one of the hosts remarked that you were a bit straight-laced and frowned on such an orgy room. Is that true? J.M./New York

The Twin Towers management wasn't pleased with 1414's notoriety and condition, but they didn't make a big issue of it. Housekeeping didn't disinfect all the rooms, just those soiled by the satyrs among us who think hepatitis is contracted only by eating bad shellfish. I didn't condone the ongoing party, but neither did I try to stop it. It was none of my business so long as it didn't hurt or offend. Those who plan to set up an indiscreet orgy room in San Diego, however, should be warned that Town & Country management know about 1414. If ANY hotel guest (C-Risers included) walking down a hallway reports being offended by the sight of brazen, indiscreet sexual activity which is visible from the hallway, hotel security will check it out. Those found flagrantly breaking the law will be evicted and possibly prosecuted. PHC

CR PROMOTES VIOLENCE

I have been a subscriber since early SWAN days. When I went into retirement, I was twice a beneficiary of a paid subscription but was finally able to pay my own way. I have always enjoyed your magazine and have had no complaints until issue #68, page 24 *[model BOSSMAN in prohibition era mobster costume].* I found this photo to be very disturbing with all the violence these days (Oklahoma, etc). Needless to say I am against NRA. Hope you regard what I have said. D.C./Ohio

TROUBLE IN THE U.K.

I would like to cancel my subscription to CR, so please do not send any more copies. Two customs officers from Birmingham Airport visited my flat in mid-April. They showed me a box containing "Mojave", which I'd ordered in March. They said that this is illegal in this country and interrogated me. I had to pay £100 to the Commissioners of Customs and Excise as a penalty. They have started to check compact disks and videos very strictly at the airport in this country. This is the end. Thank you, America. Thank you, CR. Good-bye, CR Magazine. T.U./England

Customers in Great Britain, take notice. Although most of our videos easily get through customs in virtually all countries because of the special way we package and declare the contents, there is still a chance of confiscation. If you acknowledge ordering it there is a good chance of penalties (or worse), so DENY IT and insist the video was unsolicited. Our special markings will corroborate. The same holds true for CRonus. On the other hand, CR and CR Classics are both legal in England.

SUICIDE

Luis Maldonado's letter (FORUM #68) brought angry tears to my eyes. I have read and re-read that chilling and heartbreaking suicide letter and your response time and again. I'm angry over the loss of this obviously talented and worthwhile young man. I'm angry with a society that too often undermines our self-worth. I'm angry with a world that doesn't validate our contributions often enough, and I'm angry with Luis Maldonado for not waiting. We have all known hurt, despair and loneliness in our lives, but I cannot even imagine the depth of his hurt, his despair and his loneliness from which he could find no escape or solace. Tragically, he literally cut himself off from those feelings and the possibility of finding a bridge out of that hellish dark place to a brighter future. Dear CR readers and family who have suffered loss of any kind, pain of any kind, sorrow of any kind and felt helpless, alone and afraid, PLEASE find the strength to ask for help. You can get better, you can find a way across the bridge. If in any way, Pat, you blame yourself for not being able to save this man's life, please, please DO NOT. Find a way to forgive him. And in Luis Maldonado's own words, "Remember me as I was and not what I had become." With gratitude and affection. J.E.O./San Francisco

FREE EYE CARE

Please pass this on to your readers. According to Ann Landers, if you are putting off obtaining medical eye care for financial reasons and are older than 65, listen up. If you are not

currently under the care of an ophthalmologist, help is available through the National Eye Care Project. Call (800)-222-EYES to be put in touch with one of 7,500 ophthalmologist who are volunteering their time to help you keep your sight for life. M.S./Idaho

This infomation did appear in an Ann Landers column. Check it out. PHC

THE '95 GATHERING IN ORLANDO

We want to tell you how much we enjoyed the '95 Gathering. We do appreciate all of the work and organizing that you put into it that made it such an incredible success. People in urban areas might not realize what a magazine and organization like CR means to people in rural areas such as we live in out here in western Kansas. We have to drive 150 miles to have any socializing with other gay men. We felt it was imperative to go again this year as our four-year anniversary fell during the Gathering. We met because of the ad Fran put in the Feb/Mar '91 CR. Mark saw the ad and contacted Fran. We kept the phone lines and roads hot for five months before Mark moved in with Fran. We have met and made many good friends at the last two gatherings and are looking forward to San Diego. FRAN & MARK/Kansas

I want to tell you just how much I enjoyed the gathering. At first, I didn't have a good time. Not because of the happenings but because of the heat and humidity. I did not participate very much because I was very uncomfortable, both because of the weather and my own shyness. I did spend most of my time in the hotel room, only going out so that the maid could make up the room. I did attend all the cocktail parties and meals. I thought all were well-planned and executed. The only problem I saw was the first one ran out of food too soon. I did hear other complaints but felt they were unjustified. The things I liked the best were the talent entertainment and the awards at the banquet. During those awards, I was very close to tears, even though I didn't know a lot of the recipients. I felt very proud to be part of this great group. The first half of the gathering, I wished I was at home; the second half, I was proud to be there and wanted more. At the table I was during the banquet, I spoke and participated in the conversation more than any other time. I truly enjoyed it. I met two guys who had been together more than thirty years. I also learned of room 1414, but I didn't take advantage of it, as that is not my style. I don't, however, look down on anyone who does. Also heard comments that I wish now I'd responded to. It was said that it was nice to be part of the CR Family, but Prime Timers are better. The reason given was that the two of you are getting older and if either of you should die, CR would fall apart. I totally disagree with that opinion. From the little I've seen, you have a very well-organized group that does not depend on just one or two individuals to run the whole thing. I see a long and successful future for CR. S.J./Utah

Along with lots of members of SAGE (NY & San Diego), GIRTH & MIRTH, FOG, and myriad BEAR CLUBS, there were hundreds of PRIME TIMERS in attendance. Many are good friends and contributors. Many are Hall of Famers. Some are on our staff. Virtually all of them are CR supporters and would never say something as idiotic as "Prime Timers are better" (whatever that means). Unfortunately there was a clique in attendance representing a recently formed southern chapter. Staff and friends told me they knew little about CR, had an attitude problem, and were there exclusively to recruit. Regretfully, they managed to piss off a lot of attendees and were almost evicted after harassing one of our entertainers. Undoubtedly, the vast majority of Prime Timers would just as soon see this bitchy coterie of Ray Bourbon clones join some other organization. Rest assured, they will not be allowed to attend future conventions. PHC

We must let you know how much we appreciate the great job you and the CR crew have done to offer such a good time to all the participants of the '95 Gathering. We had the idea to go to '94 Gathering in Las Vegas, but it did not work out. We now know we missed something. For this year, we planned our trip early enough so we could realize our wish. I was sort of reserved with what I expected, but I only can say: it was gorgeous! Never in my life have I seen so many happy and friendly acting guys in one place. Everybody was concerned about being kind and charming to everyone else. We Europeans should learn from you Americans to be that open and cheerful to somebody we run into by chance. That's something important in your nature we should learn from you. I did start to learn. The preparation of the gathering will have cost you and your crew much laborious work (and also trouble?), but you have succeeded. Our congratulations! Good choice on San Diego. Arno & Klemens/Munich

May I express my sincere thanks for the opportunity afforded me to attend the Orlando gathering. I had a fantastic time and had the privilege of meeting many with whom I have been in correspondence. I have to congratulate you on so smoothly running programme. Coming from England, such a vast distance away, I thought at first that I might feel somewhat strange and "out of it," but quite to the contrary I felt "one of the lads" and enjoyed immensely every moment of my time there. My coming there has only confirmed what I have always felt: that you Americans are a great people and I just love your friendliness and acceptance. May you go on to greater things and increase what is already an admirable service to "our kind." JON OF ENGLAND

Thank you for such a wonderful experience in Orlando. Pulling off a function for that many guys is a mammoth undertaking. Not to mention the fact that a couple of hundred extra guys showed up! I know. I did hotel food service for 20+ years! Everyone I met was great. What a "family"

atmosphere. Everyone said Hi, whether they were "interested" or not. What a great group of people. So ... how about doing one TWICE a year? I don't want to wait till May 96 to have all that fun again! M.O./South Carolina

I had no expectations of attending Gathering '95 until small miracles started happening. The first happened on January 4th when Bill and Dick called and asked me to help them drive to Orlando for the gathering. The second was all the sudden overtime at work. We'd not worked steady overtime for over two years, yet from January to May we worked almost every weekend with two hours overtime each day. We haven't worked overtime since I returned, however. The next small miracle took place when we arrived at the hotel and the first person I met was a dear pen-pal. It didn't stop there. At every stop along the way, I devoured Father McNeill's book *Taking a Chance on God* (I'd read *The Church and the Homosexual* earlier) and hoped that I could get the good Father to autograph the books. Father McNeill was in the lobby surrounded by a lot of people, but Charlie saw me standing nearby with my books and pointed me out to John. He wrote: "To Lou, God bless you. John McNeill." Great timing, and another little miracle. I was thrilled. The trips up and down in the elevator were a great deal of fun. "Hi, I'm So-and-so from Somewhere." That feeling of belonging, of being a member of the family. A special little miracle. I hope and pray you two guys know what you mean to us. You're a blessing, a little miracle in our lives. You are constantly remembered in my prayers. I apologize for the typos. I'm crying because you mean so much to me. Lou/Connecticut

Thank you for the Orlando Gathering. I was a first timer. The Advocate had referred to CR—I wrote—you sent me a free issue, and it contained an invitation to the 1993 Orlando Gathering. But I was too scared: it took me over a year to subscribe. This time I sent in my registration in November, but I knew there must be a catch. Pat, your loving prose was very seductive, but you couldn't be for real. My Gathering '95 roommate number two (there were three) remembers me in our first phone call: "I won't know what to say or do. I'm really shy in groups. I've never done anything like this before. Do you really think I should go?" He reassured me and I came (to Orlando). And was *recreated.* I swear, what you guys have done with incredible vision, persistence, patience, and lots of hard work is change the ***focus*** from *encounters* to *relationships.* All the behavior may be the same, but the caring context is very different. And you seem to have done it by sharing your experience rather than selling us on how good it would be. To see so many successful, together, mature gay men, many in couples, was overwhelming. Evelyn Hooker really was right. Pat, I've lived the last 38 years as an unwilling member of a persecuted minority. I did enough mental calisthenics to become "Gay and Proud" but I've taken my share of hard knocks *and* accepted them as my due. I was choir director of an MCC for two years and I've done some cheerleading. But I was still as homophobic as the average uptight straight. After this weekend I see myself as a *mensch.* I am now, by preference, a member of a particular group of the world's population every bit as loving, caring, capable, successful, entitled and empowered as any other, if not more so. In my twenties I loved to read Ayn Rand and fantasize about the super people. "Now I are one." ***And all in one weekend***. The beautiful people you have gathered around you over the years (who truly march to the beat of a different drummer) may do all the work (yeah, right!), but it is your direction; and you all have bestowed the experiences of your hearts—a truly priceless gift. I will never again be the man I was. I pray my new man may be clear in how to serve our cause and your dream. Father McNeill assists by explaining to my head who I am. For all of us, with both our hearts and our heads refocused and renewed, the rest of our lives, both individually and collectively, can be full of the joy of being alive and loving men. God love you both. Lloyd/Florida

I just returned from Orlando and felt that I had to tell you how much I appreciate all that you have done for the older gay men. I was a little apprehensive about going to the conference, and I must admit it took me awhile to get adjusted to the spirit. But once I did, I really enjoyed myself and had a great time and met a lot of new friends. An interesting aside: I am in my 65th year and am heavy, but I have what I used to think was an asset: a younger looking appearance. However, at Orlando I was taken to be anywhere from 48 to 53, and that proved to be a liability to the ones that appealed to me. Never before have I felt that I was not old enough, and in some instances, heavy enough. Very strange. But I really shouldn't complain, because I had some very memorable experiences—both fraternal and sexual. This morning I attended my weekly gay therapy session, and the therapist got so excited about my excitement and enthusiasm. He may attend the next conference! J.P./New England

I just returned from Orlando from one of the most wonderful weekends of my life. I have never felt such warmth and camaraderie as I felt from the CR Gathering. I was rather surprised that our registration packets didn't contain any information about the history of CR magazine, or the origin of the name. I wasn't able to find anyone at the gathering who was able to tell me who Chiron was, other than "he was someone from Greek mythology." What I did find out rather quickly though, is that CR is more than just a magazine ... it's a family. I am looking forward to San Diego. K.A./Florida

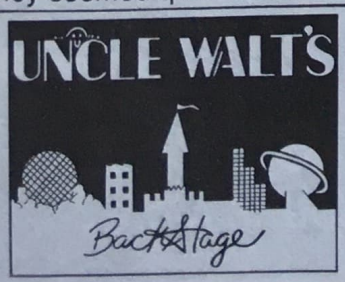
Wow! What else can be said to describe the '95 Gathering? 1200 mature men (warm, open, friendly all), great hotel, great pool, great food, great entertainment! One of the truly memorable weekends of my life! I don't think I have ever been part of a group that size where the feeling of fellowship and camaraderie was so strong. I traveled to Orlando alone, but not for a minute after I arrived, did

I feel alone. The sense of belonging seemed like a comfortable embrace. You are to be congratulated for the outstanding job you and your staff did. A great undertaking, and an enormously successful one. I'm still high from the experience. I met so many wonderful new people and know that I have met some new close friends. San Diego seems like a long time away ... C.W./Massachusetts

After attending the gathering in Orlando (and thinking much about it while continuing my East Coast visit up into Canada), I am convinced of one objective and one subjective truth: 1) You two are about as close to sainthood in the eyes of your faithful as Bernadette Soubirous (and considerably more charming). 2) Despite my allegiance to CR and all it seems to represent, I don't fit. Not so much Cassandra at the wedding as Stella Dallas. Now listen, Lolly, honey, there's nothing I like better than happy endings. You two have literally saved lives, encouraged romance, stimulated mental/sexual health, acted as philanthropist and use your considerable energy to insure rosy final chapters in some very bleak diaries. I was delighted to see so many hundreds of men in Orlando demonstrating their affection for CR, their faith in human nature and their hope of getting laid. I personally felt uncomfortable looking across the street at the bread and circus of Universal Studios, or looking across the swimming pool at the fascinated stares of gaggles of off-duty Hispanic waiters and bemoussed tour guides who had never seen such a group of unstereotypable older men and their sprinkling of young admirers. These conventioneers were a dedicated and unflappable bunch! None of them seemed dismayed by our distance from stores, restaurants or gay bars. They seemed quite satisfied by the beautiful pool, sociable plaza area and the comfortable rooms. I, frankly, like to keep my back to the wall and an exit in view at all times. Free orgy rooms do not for me a social paradise make. Salient were the circumstances surrounding the pre-paid meals and cocktail snacks. As a Jew, I have learned long ago to expect at least half the food to be unacceptable, but there were other issues. Apparently one must face the fact that many of these men attended only through great self-denial; when the cocktail snacks appeared, far too many made a meal of them, denying others the opportunity to share. A catering staff accustomed to serving a perhaps more affluent group lost its cool when confronted by a grey-haired feeding frenzy. The bars seemed understaffed to me, but I may be an over-enthusiastic drinker. My personal issues lay more in the nature of the food. Let me state flatly that I find most of the CR crowd, by my standards, fat—not always obese, but still fat. For those of us vain enough to use the hotel gym, counting calories is a way of life—not to mention the mgs of cholesterol. What I could eat without offending my heritage too much, I couldn't eat because it simply wasn't healthful. Is everything in Florida deep dish deepdish? I longed for a chicken breast or a good fish filet, sans sauce—perhaps a nice steamed broccoli or a pasta salad vinaigrette. Many of the attendees were charmingly free of "attitude" and seemed almost dewy-eyed in their enthusiasm. Nevertheless, I suspect it might be educational to hold at least every other gathering in a notably gay-friendly environment. The conversations I listened to indicated a lack of awareness of American gay culture. Several men assured me that older men didn't have much to worry about since they didn't have to worry about being HIV positive. This was said in spite of the fact that there were a few attendees obviously suffering from relatively advanced doses of the virus. People like myself who are rather recently infected can only be expected to monitor their own behavior sensibly; no one else can tell. Additionally, exposure to a gay information service, church, synagogue, theatre or watering place might initiate some of these folks into the larger world. Not to mention a gay comedian or chorale. Wherever it is, I'll go to the next CR gathering and probably smile just as happily as Stella did at Lolly's wedding, because it is one of the truly great bonding experiences for older men. But on my Walkman earphones, I'll be listening to a tape by the Butthole Surfers or maybe Dawn Upshaw. I'll be wearing one of my t-shirts advertising one of my appearances at an advanced age in some porn film. According to my framed poster, even Stella Dallas worked hard at being cheap, coarse and tawdry. Much love. I can only guess at how hard you guys worked! Thanks! JAY BEHR/San Francisco

It was such a pleasure having CR at Radisson Twin Towers. We enjoyed working with such a professional planner with a great staff and serving such a wonderful bunch of gentlemen. We look forward to another successful gathering in 1997! THE RADISSON TWIN TOWERS STAFF

Some weeks after Orlando I was in "our bar" in New York City, the GH Club, and I saw an extraordinarily good-looking young man from North Carolina who had been at the gathering. I went up to him and said: "You're very attractive. I'm really sorry we didn't get together at the gathering." And he said, "We did." Patrick O'Connor/New York



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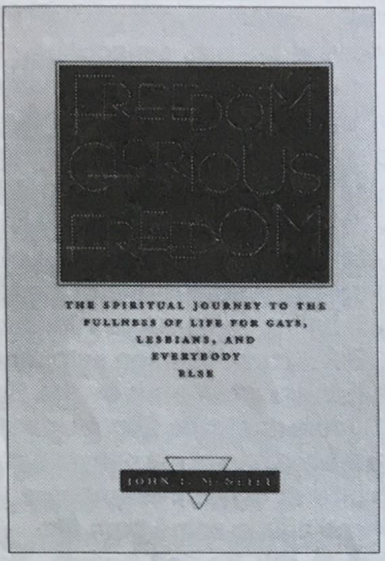

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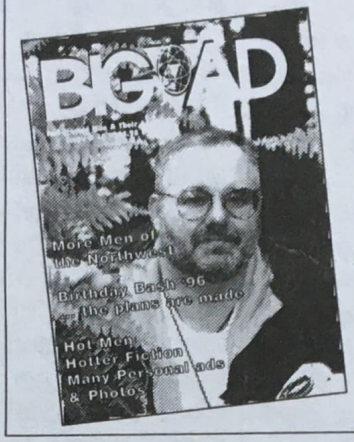

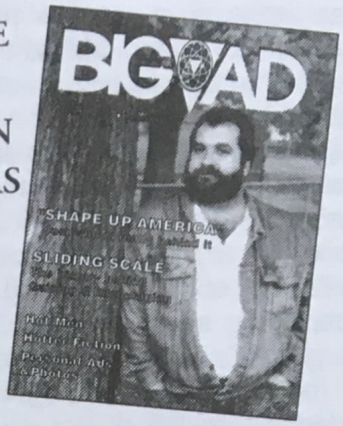

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

MORE CHAOS ... SO WHAT'S NEW?

We didn't move to San Diego, but we did move the company into mobile office and storage units on our property. Consequently, a few items of great importance are currently missing and presumed misplaced. A couple of mysteries have taken shape as well.

Address Labels

When we bought a new Macintosh computer for our new operations manager, we implemented a new labeling system using bubble jet printing instead of dot matrix. Unfortunately many of the labels with cities consisting of two words were affixed on envelopes with the second word missing. Worse, someone accidentally stacked about 30 un-stuffed, stamped flats into a tub of stuffed envelopes. A lot of the addressees thought their magazines had been stolen until we assured them that the unsealed envelope never contained anything to steal.

MATIELO's Mail

The popular inside cover model of CRC #6 received quite a bit of fan mail, but he placed a hold on his mail when he flew to Brazil for a few weeks. When he returned and released the hold, we were in the process of moving and have apparently lost or misplaced some of his mail. If you have not received a reply from MATIELO, perhaps he never received your letter. Please write him again.

EVENTUALLY GETTING IT RIGHT

Our new operations manager flew the coop on his 10th day of employment. Nice guy, very bright and capable, but he obviously saw something he didn't like. Wish we knew what it was. Instead of wringing our hands and wondering why we have rotten luck with employees, we did a reality check and found that what we needed was here all along. Gary Blowers, who has worked part-time for us as a distribution manager will now take on the position of production *and* distribution manager. After the first of the year, he will come on board full time as a corporate officer. PHOTOMAN has been appointed art director and will likewise come on board the first of the year as a corporate officer. J.O., a local resident, has joined us part time as a staff assistant. We have therefore abandoned our search for an operations manager.

GATHERING '96 WALK-THROUGH

A group of us visited the Town & Country Hotel on July 5th for a walk-through and meeting to discuss audio/visual and space requirements for the '96 Gathering. We also determined the feasibility of additional functions. Some results of that meeting:

1. Seating for meals will be limited to 1,100. Early sell-out is expected.
2. The rooftop Le Pavillon lounge will be reserved for CR delegates only from Thursday night, May 23rd, through Monday night, May 28th. CR will provide a combo for dancing on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, along with ongoing live entertainment. The room capacity is around 300. On the same floor will be a karaoke room with a capacity of about 100.
3. As an alternative to the rooftop attractions, the hotel will set up a poolside bar near the west tower, and CR will provide nightly entertainment. The nearby Tiki Hut will be used for exhibits and a vendor hall, and CR will be serving free coffee.
4. Recitals by highly gifted C-Riser musicians will be held Saturday and Sunday afternoons. The recital room will have a capacity of around 150.
5. An art exhibit featuring works by some of our more accomplished artists will be presented in a gallery setting on Saturday and Sunday.
6. Workshop speakers will be announced at a later date. Bereavement will be one of the added subjects.
7. The dinner show will feature the same great Olando performers along with the best performers of the Las Vegas gathering (PLOVER, JACOB, etc.). It will be one hell of a show.

The directors of the '96 Gathering will be BAY AREA TOP (Workshops), GARY BLOWERS (Security, Hosts), CARL LAWRENCE (Food and Beverage Service), MARSHAL (Entertainment), PHOTOMAN (Photography), and someone as yet unappointed for coordinating with vendors, sponsors and the media. Our total proposed staff for the above directors is 42 and counting.

More announcements will be forthcoming.

VIDEOS IN THE WORKS

A video of the '95 Gathering entertainment is now in editing and will be released this fall. "The Gallery," our video featuring the artwork of RAM is still in the shooting stages but should be released this fall. Because of time constraints, we are now interested in purchasing the rights to high quality footage of C-Riser models shot by others. High 8 or comparable desired. Call (619) 868-6371 if interested.

SALE ON QUINCUNX WITH FLAWED COVERS

In the book publishing business, there is a term called "hurts," which means moderately flawed or damaged copies. Since we would like to clear our inventory of hurts, we are offering them at a special price of $4.95 each, which includes handling and mailing via fourth class book rate within the U.S. or surface book rate overseas. To order, simply send us a note asking for a "hurt" copy of *Quincunx* and remit $4.95. Allow 4 to 6 weeks within the U.S. and 6 to 8 weeks overseas.

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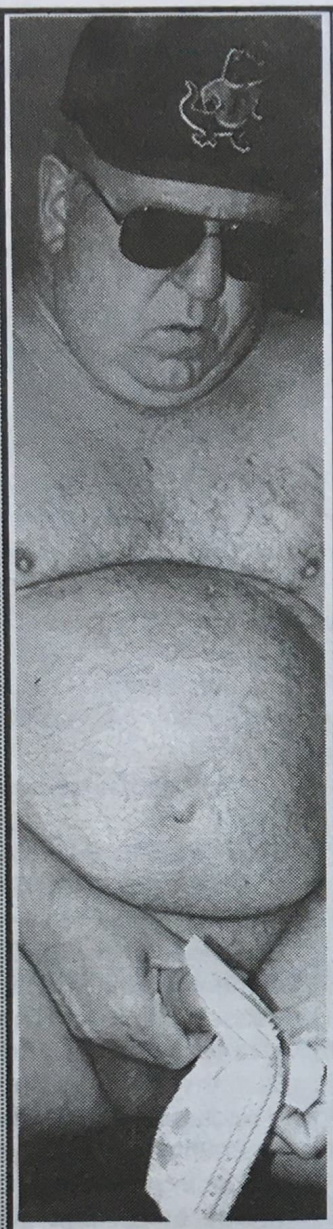

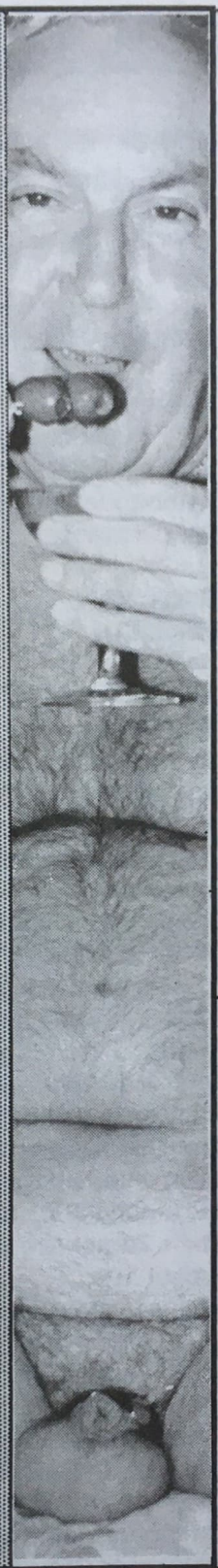

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HOW?

ALL YOUR LITTLE NAGGING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

The date shown (8/95, 11/95, etc.) indicates when your last issue will arrive. An "S" signifies that you will automatically receive all interim CR CLASSICS issues until your subscription expires. A "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. An asterisk means that you owe us money; a "C", that you have a credit due. Disregard any other notations.

WHAT PRODUCTS DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINES:

Chiron Rising (pronounced KY-RON)- a mildly erotic relationship-oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

CR Classics - a soft core erotic publication featuring fiction, photography and artwork.

CRonus (KRO-NUS) - a hard core erotic publication featuring photography and artwork.

ADULT VIDEOS:

"Quadraplex", starring ROB DADEO and SYRINX

"Mojave", starring HERMAN THE GERMAN, ZEEK, and SYRINX

"The Gallery," featuring RAM's entire repertory and some of our super models.(Coming late 1995.)

BOOKS:

Quincunx ... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**.

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND SHIP?

CR - Around the first of each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the first and the tenth of the month. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the second or third week of the month. Those book stores serviced by wholesalers may take longer. *CR CLASSICS* - Around the first of May and the first of November. Mailing and shipping intervals are the same as above.

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send us a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious penetration, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing 100 feet away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you). If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash) AFTER it is published. Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

HOW TO BECOME A SWAN VIDEO MODEL

I'f you're a real sizzler who isn't shy in front of a video camera and can handle stardom, send us some photos. C-Risers, any age, any size, any color. Couples still in the throes of wild passion are especially of interest. Liberal compensation, plus expenses.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS, WRITERS, ETC.

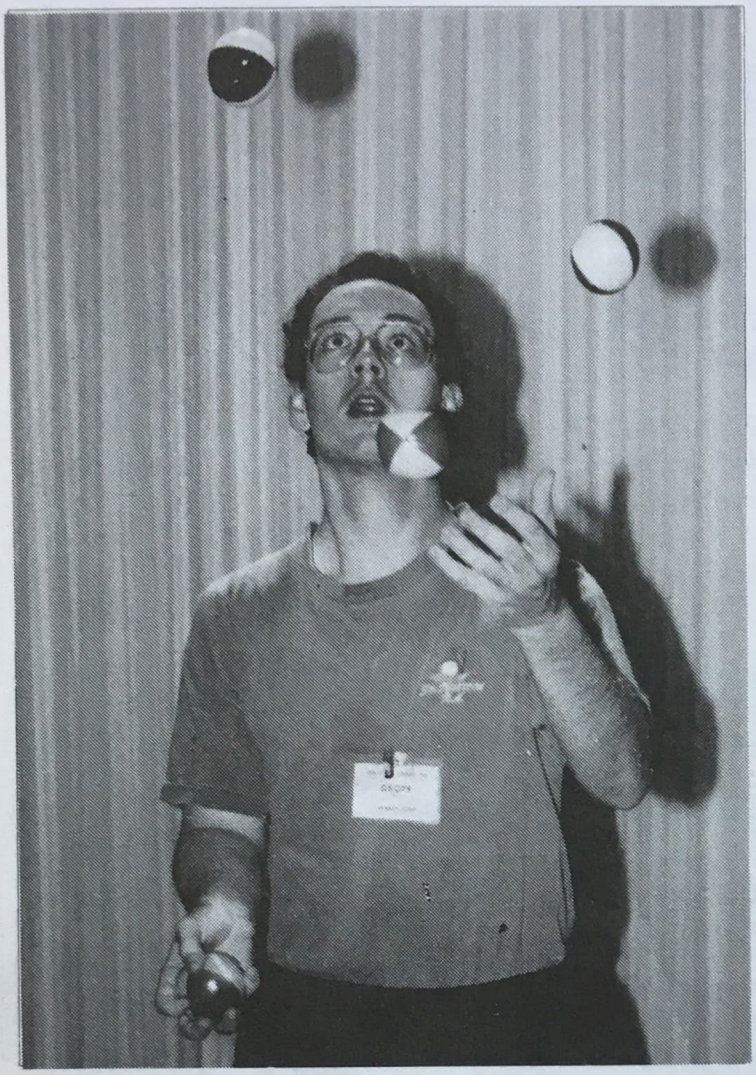
Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the model/writer/etc. in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

If you have never been published in CR and would like to submit fiction or nonfiction, please carefully study what we publish and provide an outline or synopsis of the work you wish us to consider. Note that we do not publish routine porn fiction like most other alternative magazines. We seek unique material, erotic and otherwise, with strong, vivid characterizations. If we invite you to submit your material for consideration, it must be highly polished and absolutely the best you can do.

THE DINNER SHOW - PART I

PHOTOS BY PHOTOMAN



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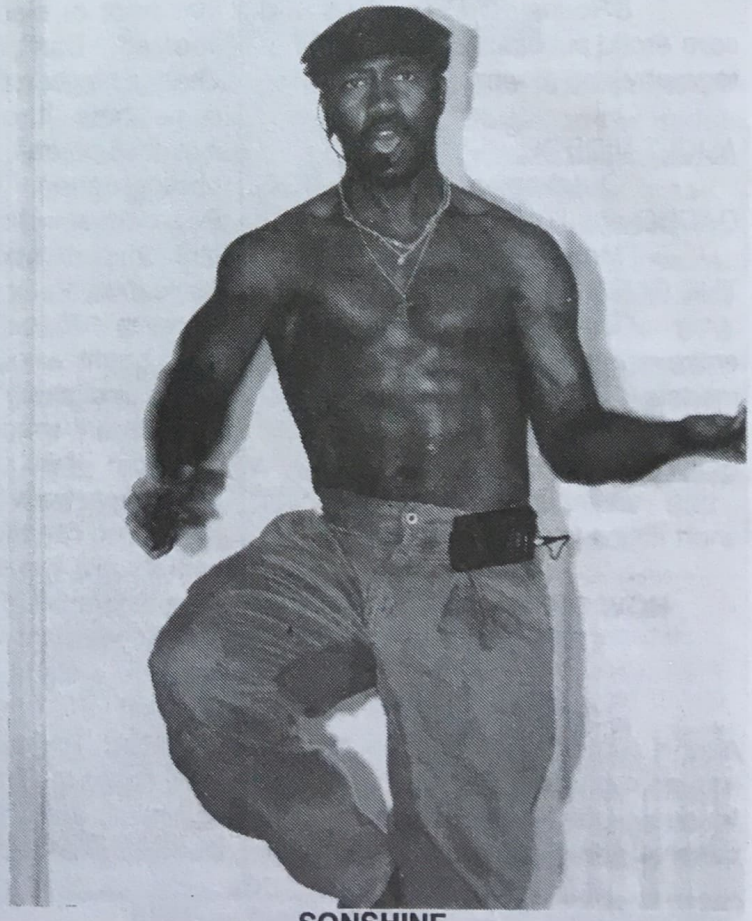

SONSHINE

THE CR HALL OF FAME AWARDS - PART I

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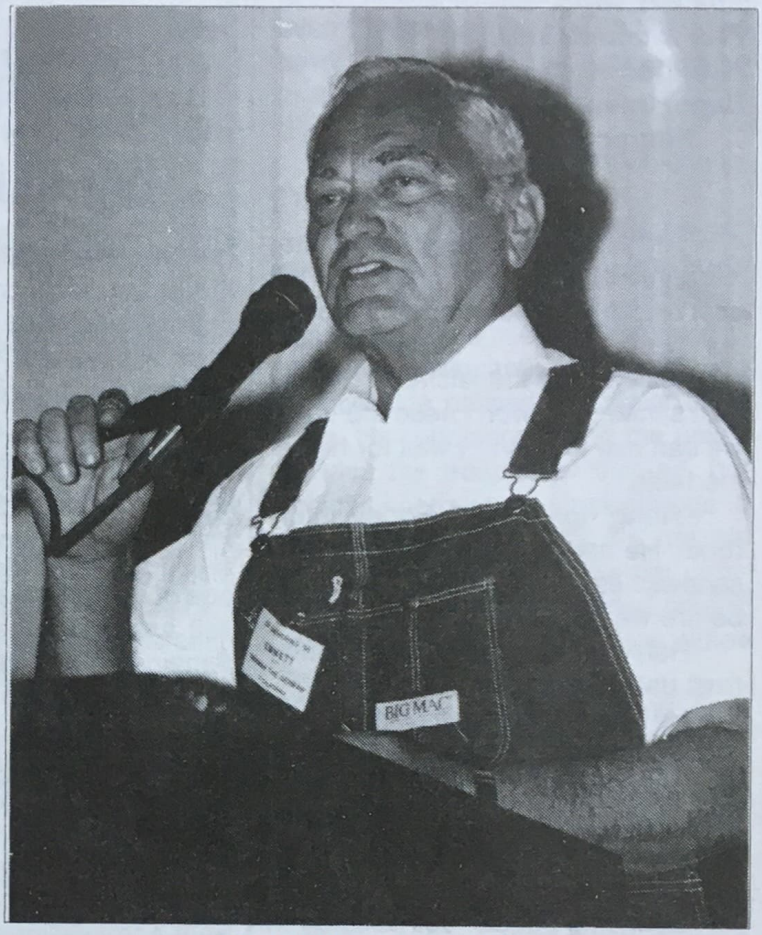
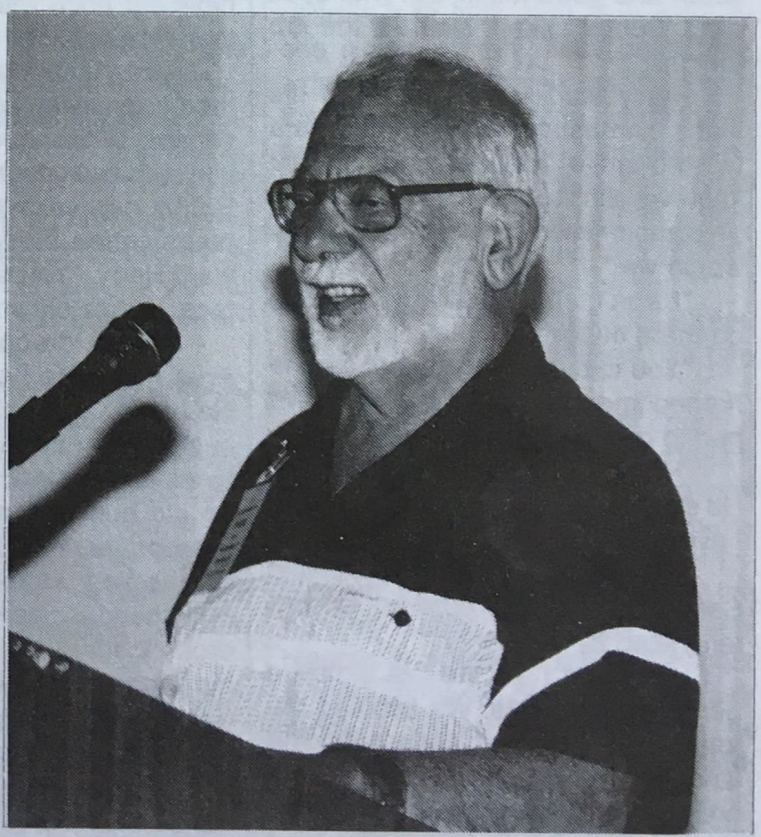
ROB DADEO



HERMAN THE GERMAN

THE COLONEL



PAPA BEAR

Fiction

ART FORMS

by Giraffe

Life is short,
The art long,
The moment instant,
Decision difficult,
Experiment perilous.
Hippocrates

Harry hollers into the phone, "Godammit, Sam, we'll do it. Just tell us if the stuff is there, or do we bring our own."

I call across the kitchen, "He told us it's there. We won't need the truck; we can use the van." I wait for him at the table.

"Hang up, Harry," Bobby interrupts. He asks me if we want to take sandwiches, but I tell him that we'll eat before we go.

Harry tones down. "Okay, Sam, trust us; we'll do good."

He rattles the phone back onto its cradle, sighs with anxious resignation. He glances toward Bobby, runs a hand through his graying curls, shuffles to the table and flops in a chair. I try to reassure him, "It's all right, Harry."

Sounding casual, self-assured in youth and good looks, but with eyes alert, Bobby asks, "Where's the job tonight?"

Harry studies the knees of his jeans, shrugs and looks at me with a twisted smile. I talk at Bobby. "You know we can't tell you. The work would be compromised. Sam would lose. So would we."

"I won't tell anybody, and I won't go there myself."

"You told Clyde that time, and he horned in and wrecked the work. We had to give Sam his money back."

"He only took some friends to look. He's interested in Sam. And you could have kept the money."

I repeat the formula. "We sell and Sam buys complete pure art, uncontaminated by familiarity."

Harry and I are the last structive performance artists. We evolved the form. When a retail shop fails, the landlord commissions us to go into the premises the night the tenant vacates, and arrange in the space visible from the street, a random array of found objects, unrelated to the failed business. Passersby wonder why worn out plumbing fixtures or old bedsteads are scattered in a closed haberdashery. Each arrangement is artistically calculated to be illogical, surreal, even sinister.

In the last hours, as dawn rises, one of us performs; he arranges himself as part of the composition and remains still until a specified number of passing persons have looked in and reacted. The work is not to be viewed by patron or friends until performance is completed. If someone we know looks in on us, the work is contaminated. Critics say we are the best. Others have tried but botched the jobs. Sam commissions only us now and pays our price without question. But there are few jobs these days.

Bobby sets out meat and bread, then turns away as if begrudging the service. While we eat, Harry watches him with bewildered, pain-filled eyes. Bobby carries over the carafe and pours coffee. Suddenly he leans toward Harry. "You have a scar on your face. Where did you get that scar?"

Harry's drooping features sag, eyes, mustache, heavy lips, lean jowls. He has an ugly scar that runs from a bushy brow past the corner of the eye to his high-bridged nose, aftermark of an old humiliation. He has had the scar for years. Bobby has not forgotten the story. Harry scowls at his own huge hands, clasps and twists them, drops them to his knees. He kneads his thighs, rocks his torso and sighs, "I'm old. I'm too old."

I can't see Bobby's face, but I can tell from the way the straight blond hair hangs down his back that his lips are set, his eyes half closed in cold contempt.

I get up and say, "We'd better start; even though it is the middle of the night, traffic can be a bear." While I wait for Harry to fetch our six pack, Bobby throws me a smile of thanks.

The VW van is parked on Fulton. Harry surprises me and mutters, "You want to drive?" Usually he takes the wheel without consultation. I turn on Park Presidio to Geary Street. It is ritual that we drive on Geary a few blocks on the way to every job. I stay on Geary to Van Ness.

I reflect that Harry and Bobby are lucky they can afford that neighborhood. Young as he is, Bobby must do well. Harry and I are partners, so I have a fair idea of how much he takes home. We have worked together for years, ever since we shared my place in the Haight, long before he moved in with Bobby.

As we waltz with stop-and-go lights down the Boulevard, I try to cheer him up. "I hear we're getting competition. Some young Asians in the Tenderloin are trying to contract for jobs at the low dollar. Sam says they don't understand."

Harry relaxes in the shotgun seat. "Did you ever see their work? I know a couple who tried, and when they'd finished, you could have done surgery on the polished floor. They arranged a few cartons like rocks in an austere Japanese garden. They didn't even perform. They tried to be cleaners." He chuckles. I am glad his misery is easing. He is forgetting the tiff with Bobby. I remember Bobby's smiling at me, gratitude for getting Harry away.

The shop is on Polk Street. I find parking space in the same block on the same side. The tenant hasn't waited, even though it is only a quarter to twelve. Sam hates to evict, and when a business goes belly up, he gives time to the limit. Once a tenant got to him with money after eleven o'clock, when Harry and I were already at work. Sam had to give us some compensation and make us undo what we had done. Now we call at midnight for confirmation. Harry speaks to Sam from the pay phone out

front. He talks softly, in apology for yelling earlier. I can picture big Sam, smiling, affable, puffing his Corona.

We have the key and enter at the stroke of twelve. Sam hasn't lied about things being there. The only difficulty will be the display case in the basement, awkward to carry up the narrow stairs. The shop was a ladies' dress boutique before it went under. A rack with broken casters and a snarl of hangers leans in a back corner. It will be no trick to tip that over and trace a trail of twisted wire hangers to nowhere. Harry's dark eyes sparkle in anticipation. He grins, showing his handsome teeth.

Traffic to the bars is heavy on the street, but thins to a trickle after they close. We haul out old dead fluorescent tubes stashed behind the false partition and stack them in a precarious illogical heap, like jackstraws. This arrangement has almost become our signature. From the basement we select torn chairs, broken blinds, ratty rugs, and arrange the objects in the shop. We maneuver the old display case to an inconvenient position. One smash on the inside and a glass panel erupts to make a glittering display on the floor. We finish ahead of schedule, but the work meets our standards.

In the time to kill before performance, we douse our work lamps, hunker down in the dimness, open beers and light a joint. I muse out loud, "We won't be doing this again. Sam is our last sponsor. Times have changed; the seventies are over. Nobody wants a card shop or a boutique any more. They want something else, a fast food franchise, videos or a mass produced line. They don't look at the space, much less use it to create a work of art. They rip it out to the bricks, throw everything into a dumpster and shove in a plastic shell. That's what happened to Buzzby's, the disco. They sell fake designer sweatshirts there now."

Harry is not in the mood to discuss the commercial future of Polk Street. He is remembering Bobby and stares, his eyes full of pain again. He takes a swig of beer and a deep drag on the joint, then says firmly and quietly, "I'll perform this time. Nude. It's more vulnerable. I'll do five; I can't go seven."

I tell him, "Five will be fine. And nude is good, too."

I had planned to perform myself, but I yield to him. He is older, but only by two years. His suppressed anguish will permeate the work, bring it close to tragedy. Because I tend to be chubby, my performance has comic overtones, especially nude. Our roles are reversed now, and I must stage manage. I look at the front window, see false dawn beginning and tell him, "Time to start. You need help?"

He grunts, "Come on." I follow as he feels his way in the dim ambient light to the false partition. I help him take off his clothes, kneel on the floor to pull off his boots and pants and shorts. He mumbles, "Fluff me a little. Not too much. I want to keep the balls hanging low." I draw his substantial penis into my mouth and stroke my tongue under the generous foreskin. Preparing for performance is the only time I now get for this favorite activity. When he says, "That's good enough," I reluctantly lean back to admire my work, then go watch the street.

When the pavement appears empty in both directions, I signal, "Okay, clear."

He treads cautiously through the gloom and sprawls naked on the ruptured mattress that leans against a roll of moldy carpet. He lies first on his back, legs spread, arms out, then shifts his weight to a hip and arranges the bloated genitals across his thigh. It is a challenge to maintain the partial erection through the entire performance.

Harry is excellent in the artform, his hairy body is compact, limbs lean, physique emphatic. There is skeleton, flesh, muscle and sex in the tight composition, suffused in melancholy, framed by discard and decay. He sets his eyes and will not move until performance is over. I disappear into the shadows to wait.

The first comes by almost too soon, a weary middle-aged hawk about to abandon his futile hunt, searching the night streets for stray chicken. In the faint early dawnlight he glances idly in the window, uninterested, then notices the nude male, stops and leans close to check it out. The naked man is not young enough to turn him on, even though he sports a hardon. The hawk grimaces at the drunk sleeping in the filth and ambles on. I count, "One."

A few pass by without looking in. They are not counted.

The second is a local merchant, keeper of the corner store. He looks in to check the state of his neighbor's space after the disaster of bankruptcy. He bridles indignantly at the sight of a naked junkie, passed out from an overdose. He considers calling the police to have the trespasser evicted, but decides not to waste small change in a pay phone. After all, it's not his property. He makes a mental comparison between the exposed private parts and his own, sighs, then sidles away. I say, "Two."

The cold damp morning light grows. Others pass by, each alone, most in a hurry. I wait. Three and four are together, a pair of shabby old ladies on their way to wherever it is old ladies go in the early morning. They look in because they always window shop this boutique. At first they don't believe their luck, that they actually see a naked man. They push their wrinkled faces to the glass, shade their eyes with trembling hands, gawk and exclaim and laugh. One gestures to the other as if describing a prize garden zucchini. They peer in again, smile, and scuttle along through fading darkness. I count them both.

Traffic grows on the chill street. Everyone has a destination. No one has time to stop. I wait.

The fifth almost doesn't count. If he looks in without seeing and reacting, of course, we will have to wait longer. He is an overage punk, probably homeless, at past twenty an ex-chicken, ignored or discarded by the hunting hawk. He barely pauses, glances in, sneers and gives the finger to the bare-assed bum sleeping warm indoors, under a roof. Then he shambles on down the dawnlit sidewalk. I count him. "Five."

Harry rolls off the mattress and

stands up in a single movement. While he picks his way through glass shards to the partition an uncounted person, a burly workman, stops and gapes. He decides that the light is deceptive, that he didn't see a naked guy with a hardon. He loses interest and lumbers away when I appear clothed, drag the mattress to a front corner and throw a dilapidated blind on it. Even now, if that person had been Clyde, our work, nearly finished, would be destroyed by the intrusion.

I wait for Harry. When he has pulled on his pants and shirt and boots, he limps out and mutters, "Sam said to leave the key on the floor; the night latch will snap when we go out."

I know that, of course, but I let him direct and enjoy completing the job. I know performance is both exhilarating and exhausting. He is nostalgic because he knows this is the last time we will perform together. We will soon need to exploit other art forms. He carries the little bundle of his socks and underwear. It is bloodstained where he dabbed at a cut on his foot. When the door clicks shut behind us, the work is done. He rests his forehead against the van's side panel, "I'm too old. Fifty-three is too old for this art form."

"It was good work. You were fine."

In the thin morning light he climbs into the van and slides across to the driver's seat. He looks out the windshield and mumbles, "I think, Bobby and me, we're going to split up."

As gently as I can, I say, "I know, he told me."

"Is it okay if I stay at your place awhile?"

"Sure. I've still got room." I knew I only had to wait long enough and he would come back. I climb in next to him. "Want to come over now, and let me finish what I started in there?"

He chuckles. "Okay. We'll revive an old art form."

A whiff of cigar smoke drifts across the street. I look over to see big smiling Sam, strolling arm in arm with Clyde.

Both are in drag.

GIRAFFE, 73, lives in San Francisco with a cat named Gato. He enjoys stocky, stout fellows with a good sense of humor. GIRAFFE is in the CR Hall of Fame and is one of our most prolific and popular writers.

YEAH, THAT'S ME ON THE COVER OF CR CLASSICS #4. I DIDN'T MAKE ORLANDO IN '95, BUT I'LL DEFINITELY BE IN SAN DIEGO IN '96, BECAUSE I'M BEING INDUCTED INTO THE CR HALL OF FAME!

EX-LOGGER - photo by TONY

LOVE THIRTY
by Roy Elmo

Mark Twain, in utter disgust in reaction to some flummery, once wrote: "It was positively *French*." I wonder what he would, or did say about the way tennis is scored. To go *quinze*, *trente*, then to short the count on *quarante* would surely have given Twain cause to give a "didn't I tell you so" snort of Missouri disdain. That nation prides itself so much on its logic but lets lack of it creep into many affairs.

What has all this to do with anything? Not much, but in watching the French Open here at the end of May, I was reminded of an extraordinary pair-affair I witnessed and had a small part in some years ago. John Diefferdorf, in his fifties, was lean, fit, hung and handsome - a paradigm. He was also a close and friendly trick, and like me, a great one for one-nighters. We had *our* night early in our long friendship, with infrequent repeats on nights when cruising wasn't fruitful. It was nice to know that John and I could ball together when pickings were lean. I introduced him to many of my tricks, often to find they'd already met and made out. He was sexually an active-passive-top-or-bottom-great-lay, inventive, fun to work with, fun to work on. But now I never think of John without Billy.

Watching Jim Courier that day brought back to mind *l'affaire* Billy Grimes. John and I had driven to Tennison Park from Oak Lawn, decked out in light white shorts and T-shirts in order to cruise the tennis courts. It was a Wednesday, not a weekend, so there were very few people around. On a bench at one end of the courts, was a gangly boy (to us, "boy" meant from twenty to thirty-five) with sharp features and an almost gold shock of hair...like the beautiful Jim Courier. John saw him first and whispered, "Dibs on that one, Roy. I like it." He sashayed down the court and made his pitch.

"How about a quick set? You mind playing with senior citizens? My name is John Diefferdorf..." The kid jumped to his feet and swung his racquet in a profound bow. Good camp. His grin was contagious.

"How-do? I'm Billy Grimes, not a very good player but eager to practice." He sounded sincere and cheerful. They moved into the nearest court and spinning racquets for first service, John won. They began to play but I paid them scant attention—there was a grounds-keeper working nearby who looked possible, even promising. The man was actually older than I. We were soon into a casual conversation about his job and how the city treated its park employees. I asked him about the rest rooms and he said he'd show me where they were. I had no idea how Tennison had changed over the years, but now the groundsman had to unlock the rest room to let me in. He followed me in. One thing so often leads to another so I was not really surprised to see him reach into his bulging blue jeans. I was impressed by the humongous member he hauled out of his pants. He was loaded and ready. I've had a longstanding rule to avoid *pissoir* pickups—but we all know that rules are made to be broken, which I did enthusiastically. He thanked me nicely afterward, zipped up, and left me for his topiary duties. I felt no twinge of regret about breaking my rule.

I carefully left the door unlocked so I could get back inside if good luck stayed on my side, or perhaps if John and his redhead needed to take a leak...or whatever. Back outside, they were still going at their tennis game intently. I moved down to a nearby bench to watch them play. John was in fine form. He moved like a cat, without noticeable effort. I could see the youngster almost purring with admiration. That's how John affected many young men.

He called to me, "Roy, this is Billy Grimes, and he's about to take me apart."

Billy smiled his disbelief. "It sure doesn't show."

"No kidding," John said, "I'm about winded..." and with that he looped a passing lob right over Billy's head. Billy dropped his racquet in disgust.

"Winded? I don't think so. Comes on with that senior citizen crap and then blows me away." He hesitated. "I mean...knocks me off the court." He grinned again. "Blows me away...I wish..."

I laughed aloud; John smiled sweetly. "Careful what you wish for, Billy," he chuckled. "You never know when a prayer will be answered—or what the consequences will be."

"I'm old enough to take a chance now and then," Billy retorted.

"How old is that?" John asked bluntly.

"Twenty-four."

John's lips were thin. "About what I thought. I'm fifty-four, kiddo."

"Great! And you have me down *thirty/love*..." and laughed in a low, sexy chuckle, full of fun and good humor.

"Next to you, it makes me relatively old."

"On you, it doesn't look old," the boy replied sweetly, "and only Einstein worries about relativity..." Then he turned to me, "How old was that piece of trade you took to the can? Age has nothing to do with anything. Hey, the guy went back to work with a satisfied smile on his face. I know him. I've had him, too," he said to me, "and a big one it is. He'll use his key anytime you come back, Roy. And I've always liked older men, John." I jumped up. We both stood there with our mouths open.

"It's my turn to wish," John said with a wry smile. "Billy is wise, he's observant—and he's impetuous."

"Know what else I am? I'm for you, John."

John wanted to take the conversation around the corner. "Shall we call our tennis match a draw and drop it?" he asked enigmatically, his eyes twinkling.

"Long as you don't drop me too,"

Billy responded seriously

"Let's go back to my place for lunch," John said.

"Neat-o. We can pick up something on the way..." and again Billy grinned "...finger food of some kind—fried chicken, hamburgers, BIG hot dogs!—you name it."

I looked at my watch. "I just remembered I have a lunch date with Danny over in the decorative center. drop me off at his shop, will you? He'll get me home."

After dropping me off, they drove away roaring with laughter, but the look on Billy's face told me that John might be short of one-night stands if this kid had anything to do with it. And he did.

John called me that evening. "Guess who has the biggest hot dog? Roy, this kid makes me feel as if I were eighteen again. That was the year I made a belated debut in the right circles."

"He's collared you," I accused.

"Yeah. Collared, hogtied, put me in double harness—and I think I'm going to love it." He sounded happy.

"I don't know what to say, except if you like it, I hope it'll last. You've been out long enough to know the odds."

John moved him in and settled down in a way I never could. They were happy, careful, caring—everything gay couples should be. I am happy to report that John and Billy are still an inseparable pair. They've had their problems—who hasn't?—but a whole quarter century has gone by, yet they're still devoted and determined to beat the odds. We keep in touch, mostly by telephone, since I moved back to Cramerton, the home of my youth.

Recently, I made a visit to their home on the edge of Highland Park. We camped it up old style—gender-bending, wrist- flapping, rib-tickling, voice-whooping fun—the kind of camp I feel sure serious gays here and now would disapprove. Or would they? It's difficult to know today where fun leaves off and gay lib correctness begins.

At one point, I did something I'd never done before: I groped Billy. John hooted when he saw my look of surprise. "I told you it was a big hot dog." We laughed together, for we were in that kind of mood, then Billy groped me back. We were both excited because this was quite outside our usual behavior. It was not lost on John. He smiled and flabbergasted me with his next remark.

"Try it, Roy. I guarantee you'll like it. I'm quite serious. I can't keep up with this kid of mine—so let me share him with you."

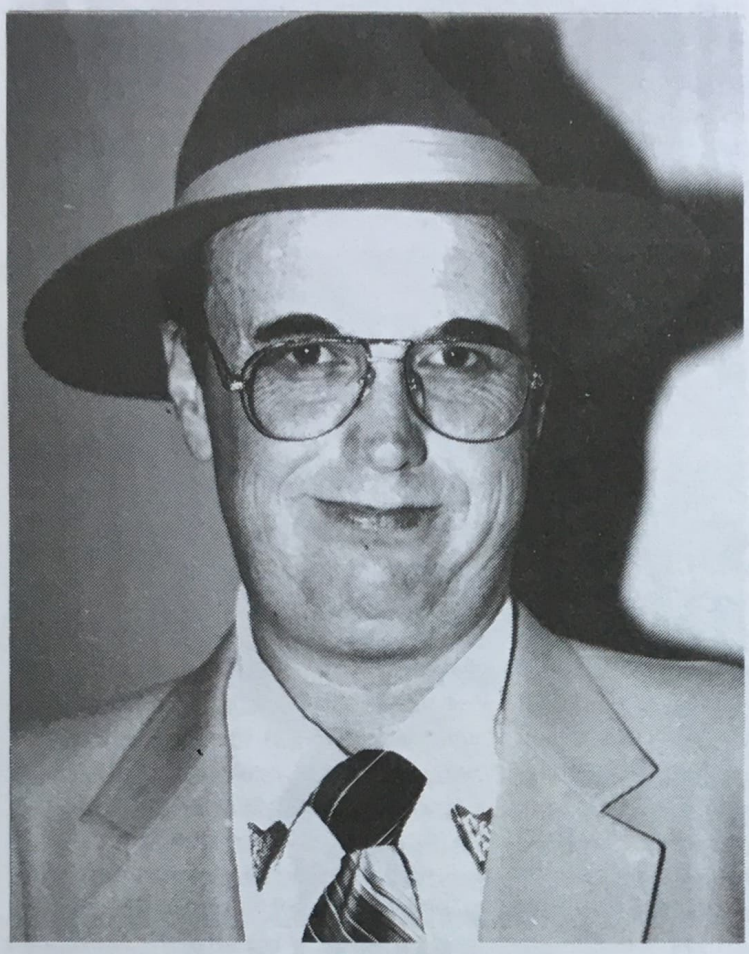
Billy chimed in, "Yeah, Roy, let's have a quickie. We can take it in stride." He grinned at his pun. "Anyhow, John has had you, why shouldn't I have a turn?"

John was right. Billy had a neat, really big hot dog. However, I did feel a bit guilty. I've already described how I felt about John and his artful love making. Now I found out how much he had taught his youthful *protégé*. The "kid", now almost fifty, was if anything, superior to his mentor. Talk about TLC! I learned why John loved him so and deplored the fact that I'd never found a Billy for myself. I made sure our one sexperience left Billy no regrets. Oddly, I could never do him a second time, for fear of my own emotions. I loved them both too much to chance a *ménage à trois*. After all, I still can't handle one on a steady basis. Know thyself is a good motto for living right. Despite my contrary lifestyle, I'm glad John and Billy are able to show that an affair based on love and trust can survive any vicissitudes. Hurrah for teamwork!

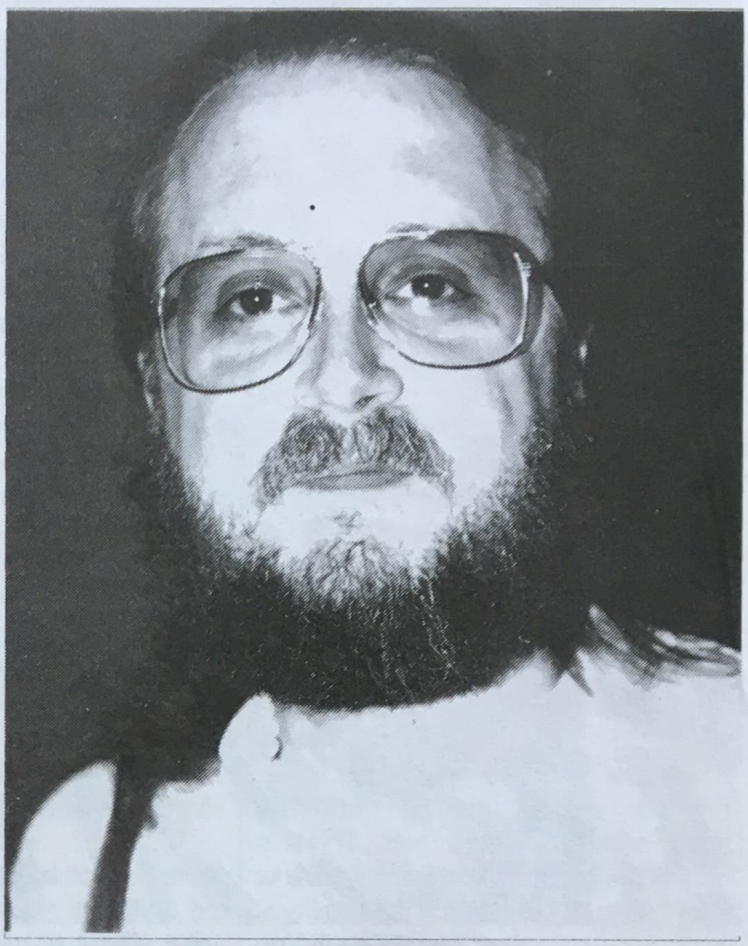
ROY ELMO is in his 70s and lives very quietly in a small town in North Texas. He's a brilliant and productive writer, and has provided us with a wealth of manuscripts. ROY will be inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the San Diego convention.

SHORTY - photo by BOSTON BILL

OVER-EASY

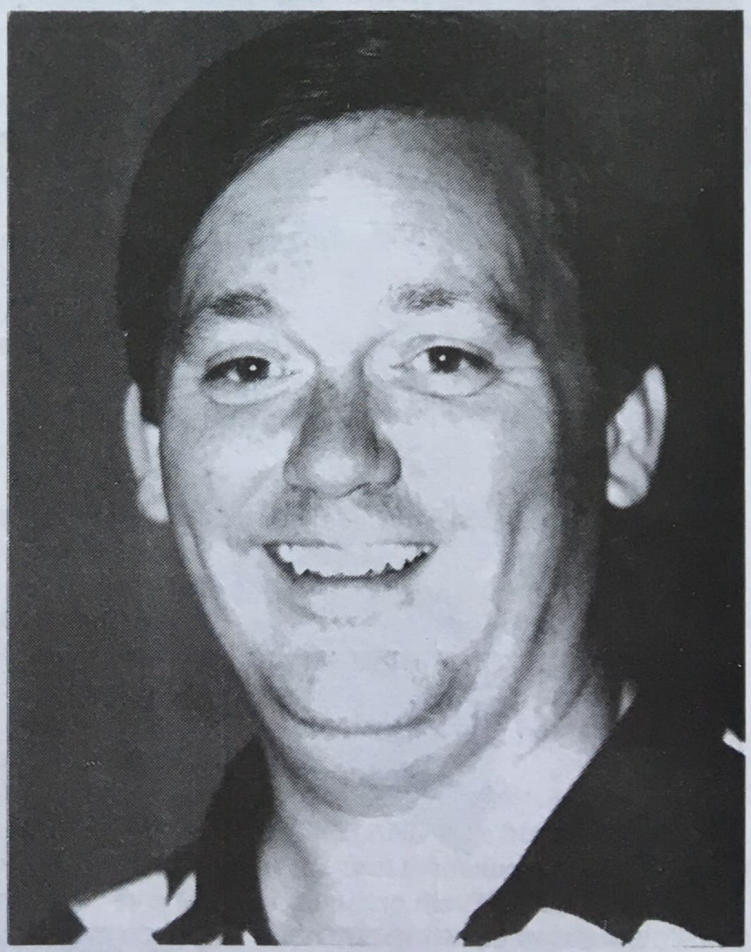


R.C. KESLER



RAVEN

CLASS ACT



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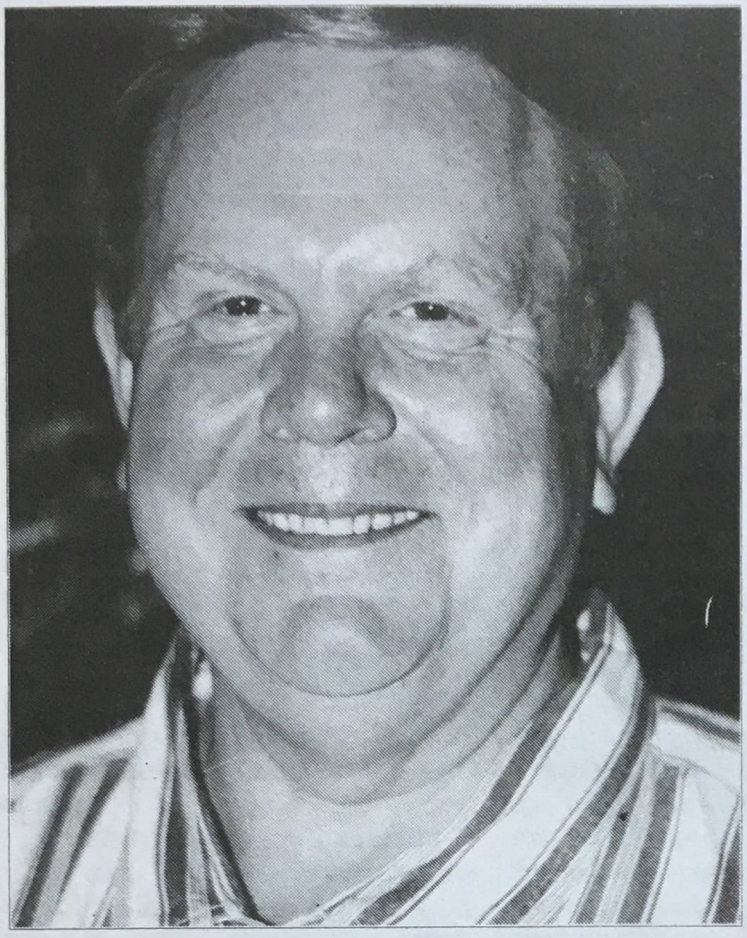
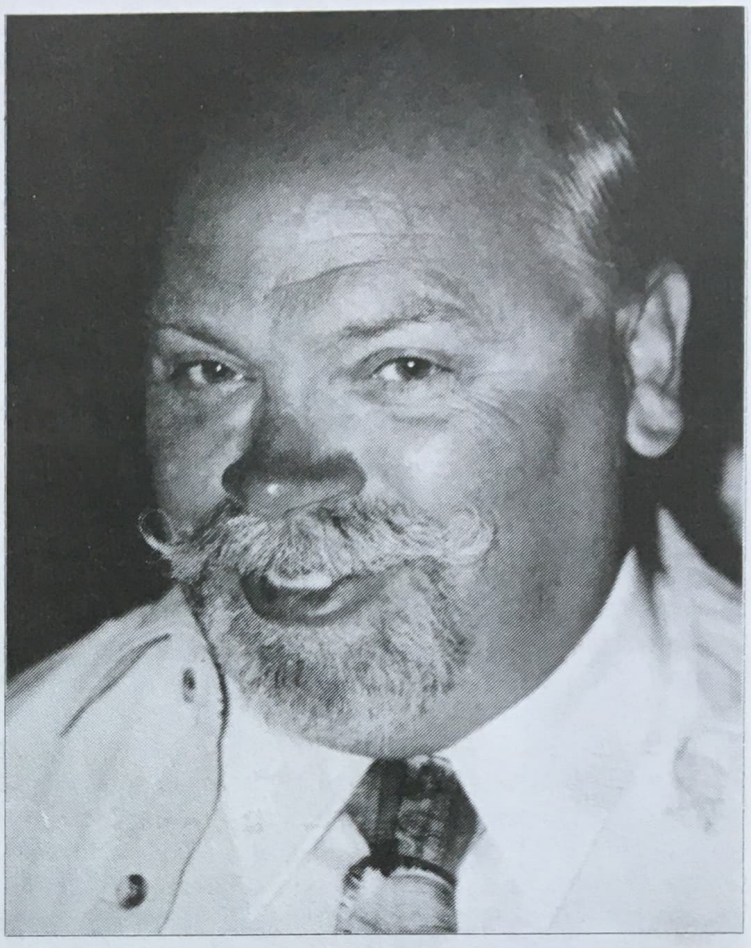
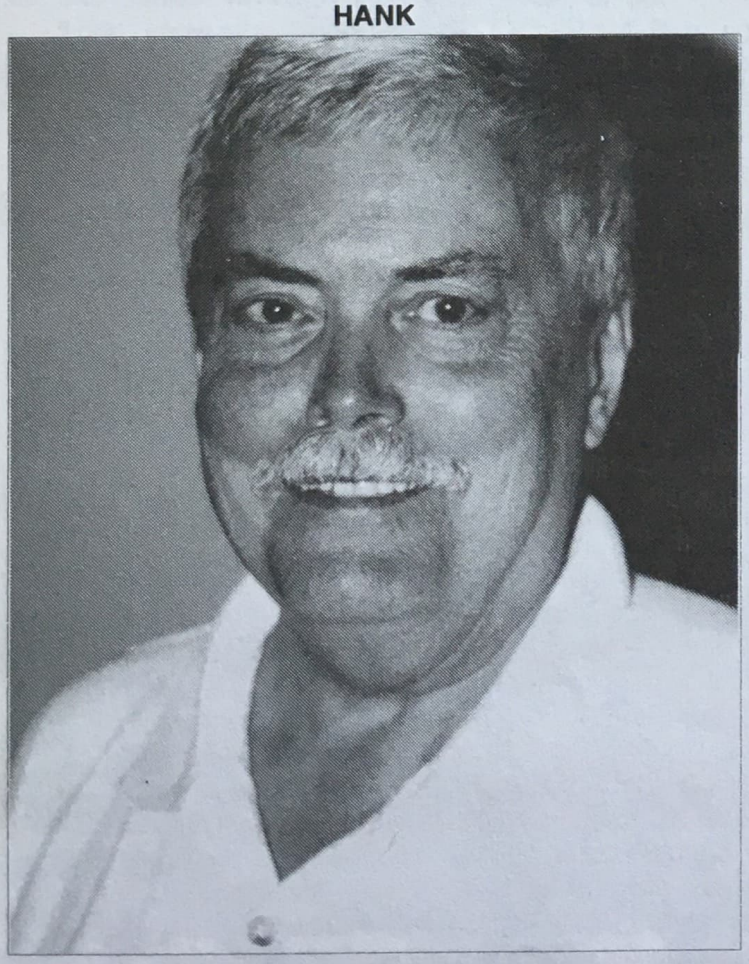
THE BALTIMORE FLASH



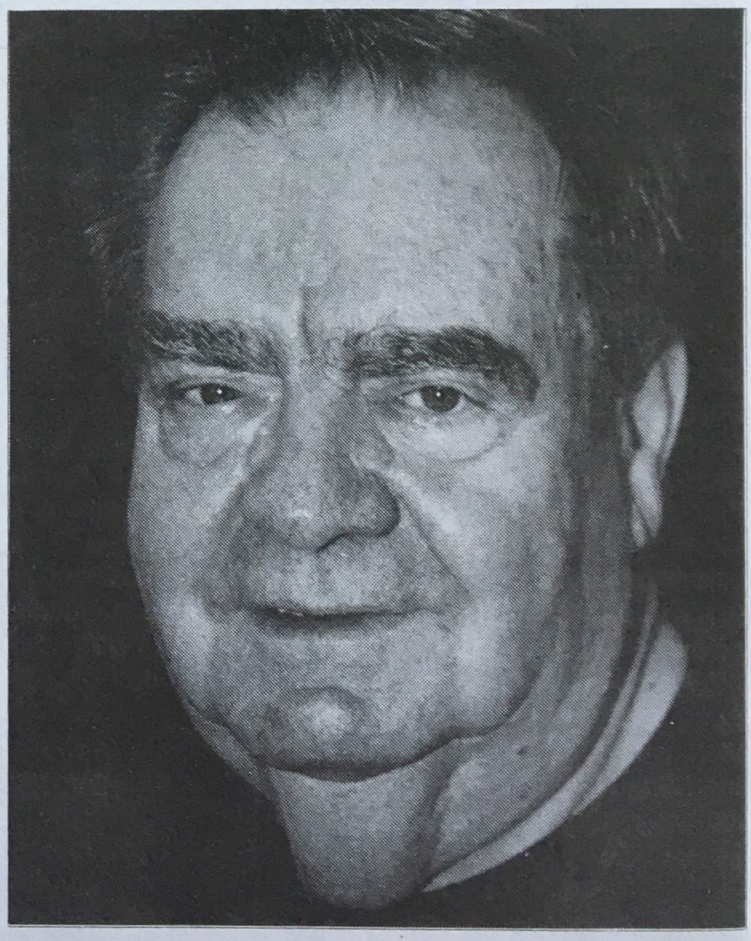
BULL DAWG



HANK



HARRY S.



ALL PHOTOS BY PHOTOMAN

FICTION

THE TEACHER AND THE STUDENT

By Lord Cleveland

The heavy old man gingerly descended the back stairway steps to the laundry room as the small plastic basket he carried made a squeaking sound as it rubbed along the greasy wall. He fed the machine's circular maw his few items and contributed to its maintenance with a few coins. He sat on the nearby rickety drug store chair, settling down to await the results. These few minutes close to the warm, vibrating box were always enjoyable for him and seemed strangely hypnotic. He began to use the waiting time to read his students' small, square, Braille tablets he held on his lap, fingering them deliberately, slowly, and with intense concentration.

In the midst of his quiet activity, the peace was broken as a young man clattered down the stairs and slammed his way into the room carrying a tattered cardboard box brimful of drooping dirty laundry. The new arrival reeled backwards as a swath of brilliant morning sunlight from a large window caught his face. "Jesus! Someone turn off that spotlight!" The handsome, blond, athletic-looking youth clad in a sweat shirt and shorts, put his money in the slot, then turned to the older man and looked him over. Noticing with interest the white cane and dark glasses, he waved at the quiet man casually. There was no visible response to his test.

"Hi there," he finally spoke to the older man. "I'm the new tenant in apartment three. How ya doin'?"

"Just fine, thank you."

"Sure is quiet around here. I was beginning to think I was the only one here this weekend."

The old man smiled. "The Clarks in number one have a weekend cottage on a lake up north. The lady in four is in the hospital."

"Oh."

"Just us boys," the old man said, turning his attention to the cards.

"Is that Braille on those cards?"

"Yes, I teach Braille to non-sighted children."

"That's great! I hope to be a teacher myself after college."

"Oh, are you a student?"

"Yeah, I'm a freshman at the university," the kid replied affectedly, beginning to stuff his washer with lots of pairs of once-white socks, sweat shirts, jock straps and grimy underwear. Glancing furtively and self-consciously over at the big heavy-set, gray-haired man who still sat quietly fingering his tablets, the muscular young man stripped quickly out of his shorts and shirt. Dropping them into the washer with the soap, he closed the lid and started the machine's cycle.

The youth turned and jumped his rump up onto the noisy washer. He sat there, swinging his feet, enjoying the warmth and rhythmic oscillation of the machine, but quite differently from the quiet, older man.

The washer felt great on his naked bottom, and it soon had its effect on his crotch. He began to fondle himself, enjoying the thrill of public lewdness. He was doing it deliberately, openly, in front of someone whom he knew couldn't see what he was doing. Somehow, masturbating felt a lot more erotic than usual this way and he was soon fully erect. He pumped furiously while lying on the machine with his legs spread wide. He thrust his hips forward lasciviously, not more than three feet from the silent man's face.

Sliding off the clanking machine and leaning against the front of it, the youth lewdly continued to jerk his cock rapidly. Stroking the length of it smoothly, he moved to within arms' reach of the man. Swaying and grinding his narrow hips sensuously from side to side, occasionally humping his groin forward, the kid stroked his glistening organ extravagantly, luxuriously, passionately. He slid his left middle finger into his mouth, then transferred the wet digit to his ass and inserted it deeply. He plunged it in and out to the rhythm of his other hand jacking his pride and joy. In a few moments, he felt his orgasm coming. He withdrew his finger in time to reach that hand forward and catch the first line of semen. He milked the last few drops from his softening penis and looked down at his slimy hand. He silently offered it to the old man as he fluttered his tongue and gyrated his hips like a stripper.

As his machine shut down, the quiet old man rose and removed his wet laundry into his basket then placed the Braille tablets on top of the clothes. He waved into the room with his cane and turned to the panting, naked young man.

"See you later, kid," he said. "Thanks for the...uh...chat, it was very interesting."

"Yeah, sure, see ya!" the youth answered, self-consciously clutching at his flaccid penis with one hand while waving back at the blind man's farewell with a quizzical, puzzled look on his reddened face.

The old man slowly climbed the stairs up to the main floor. He entered apartment two and closed the door quietly, smiling in the direction of apartment three. Putting his sun glasses and the Braille tablets on the bureau, he took his little basket of clothes into the tiny, neat bathroom and hung the few things he'd washed on a line strung over the tub. When he returned to the living room, he sat in his favorite chair by the heavily draped window, put on a very thick pair of glasses and picked up the novel he'd been reading. He turned on a dim lamp. Chuckling at the scene he had just witnessed, he had a short-lived pang of guilt that he hadn't told the kid that he was only partially blind and very light-sensitive.

"I wonder how long I can keep this charade going?" he asked himself, snickering at all the possibilities.

Burly CR writer/model LORD CLEVELAND is in his 70s and lives in the San Francisco Bay area. He is awaiting his Price Charming and encourages correspondence.

TOMBO - photo by THOMAS

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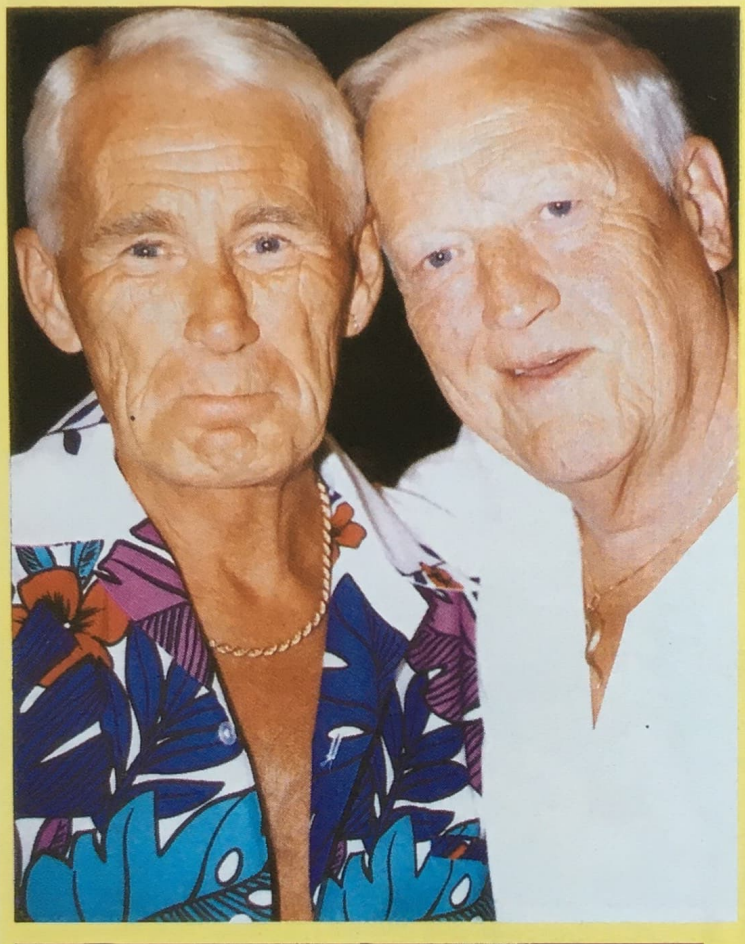
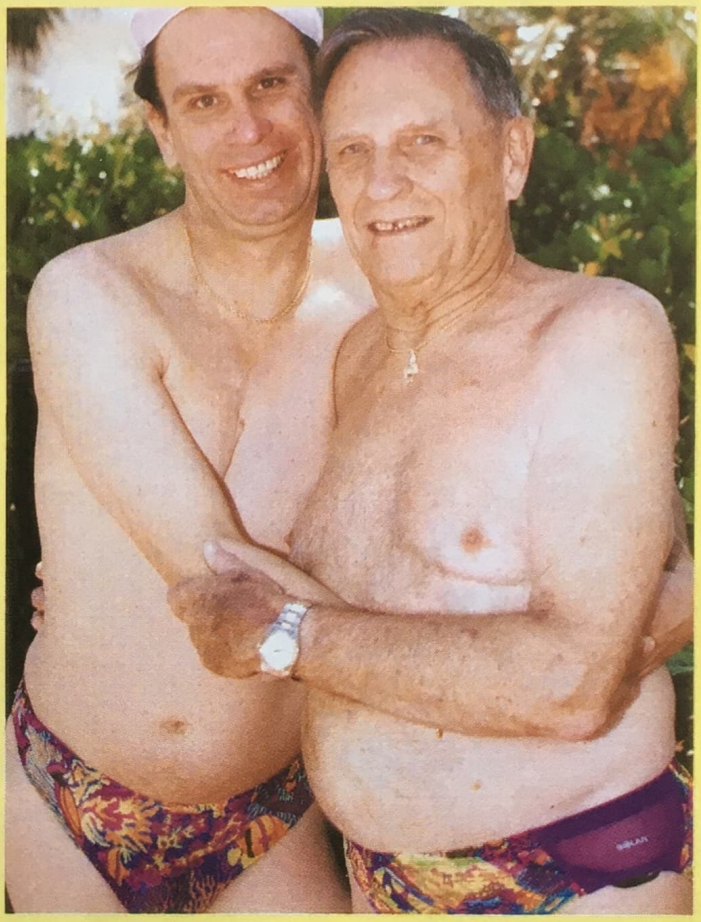
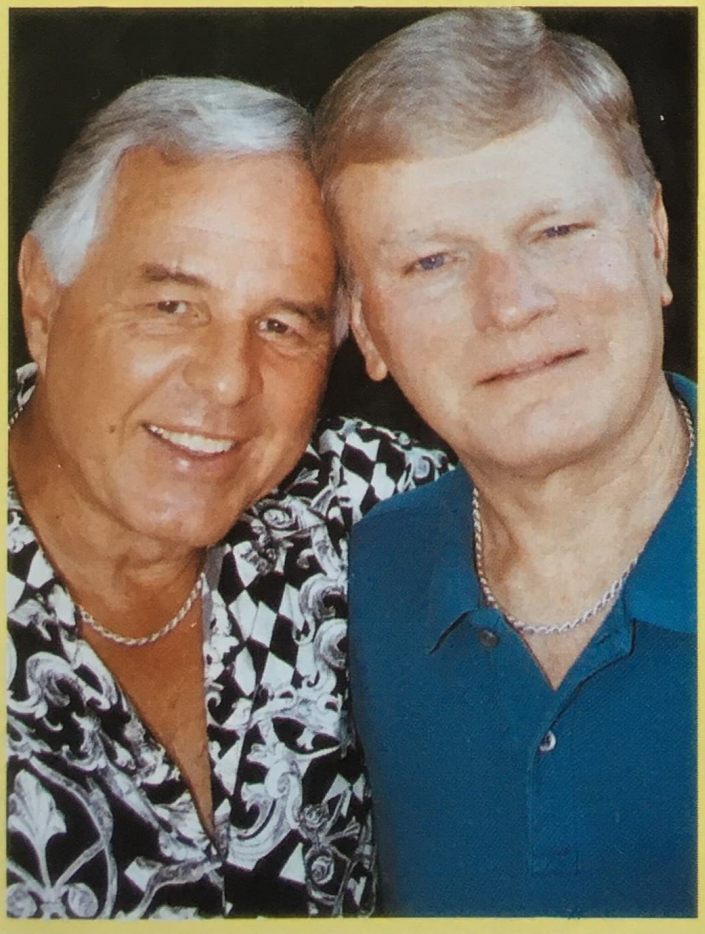
ROGER & LEN

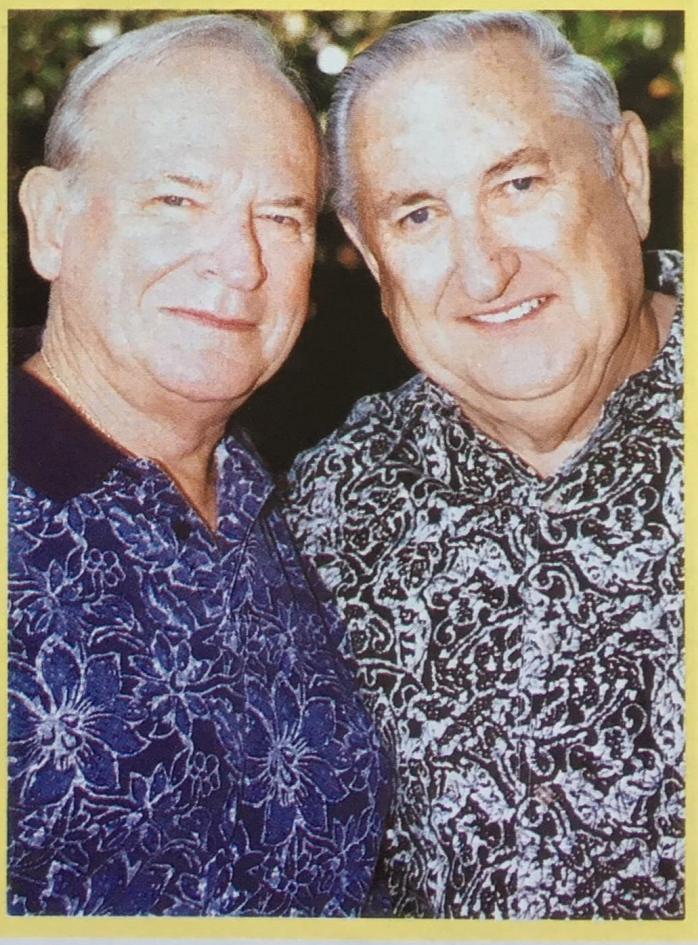


ARTEL & WOVOKA





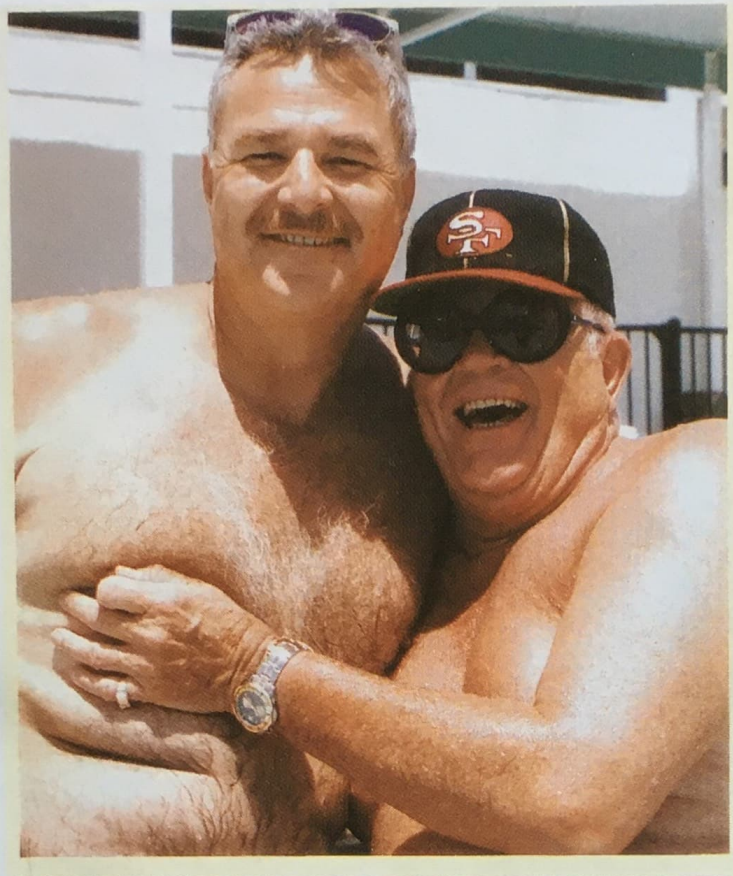
KAY & KINNE



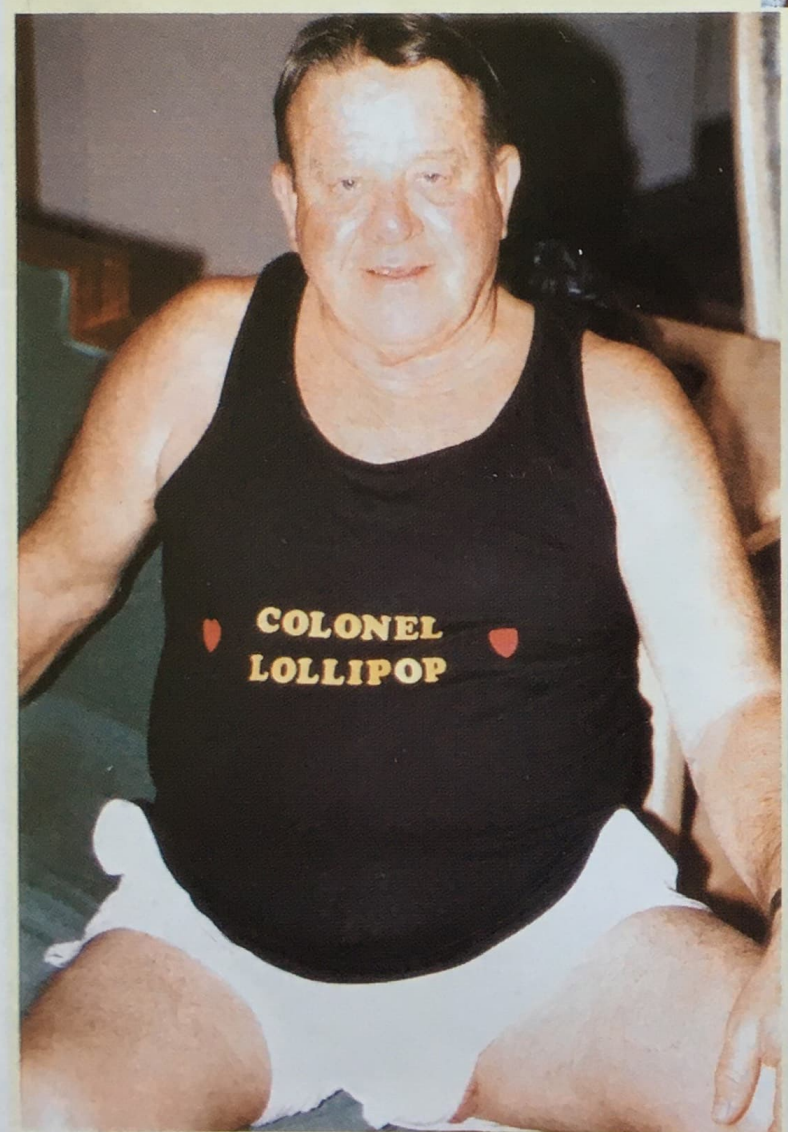
TINY & WAYNE

ALL PHOTOS BY PHOTOMAN

ANDREW & JOHN BOYD

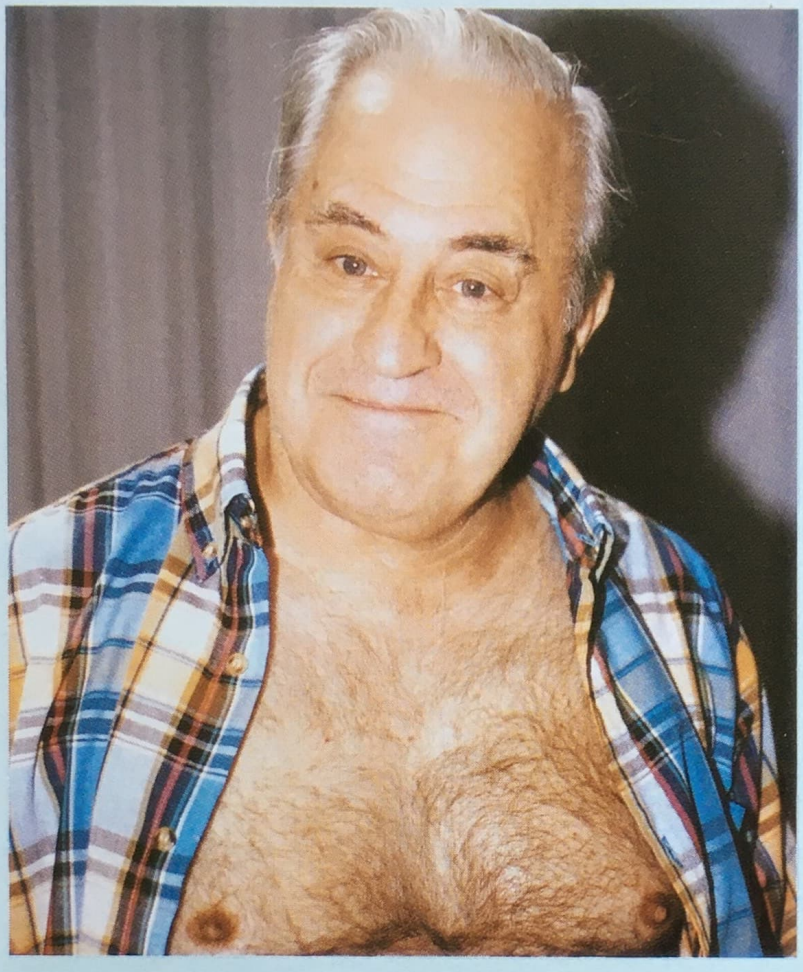


ROCKY & THE TROPHY

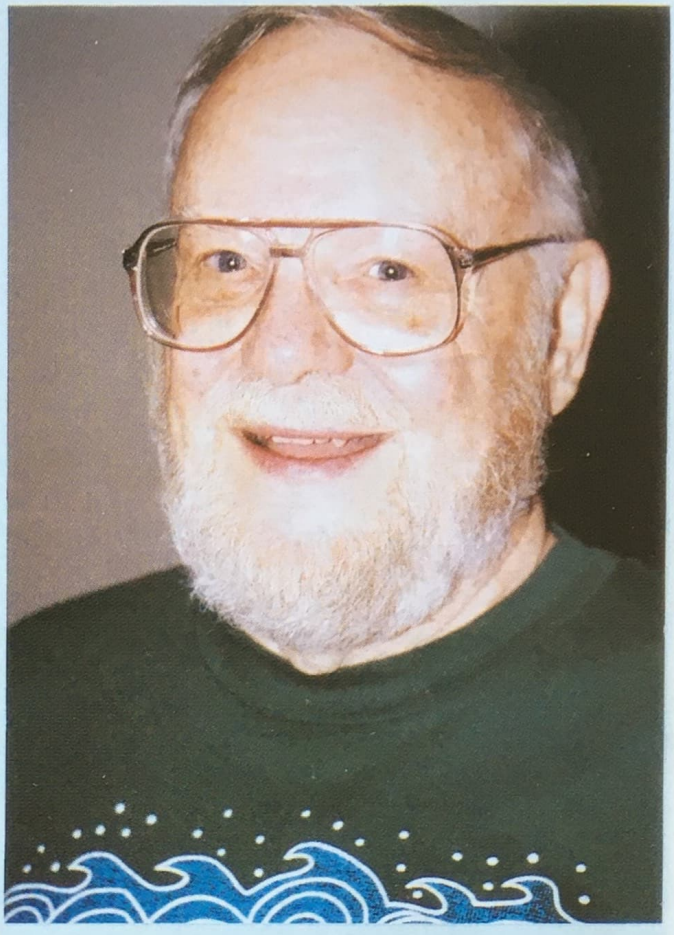


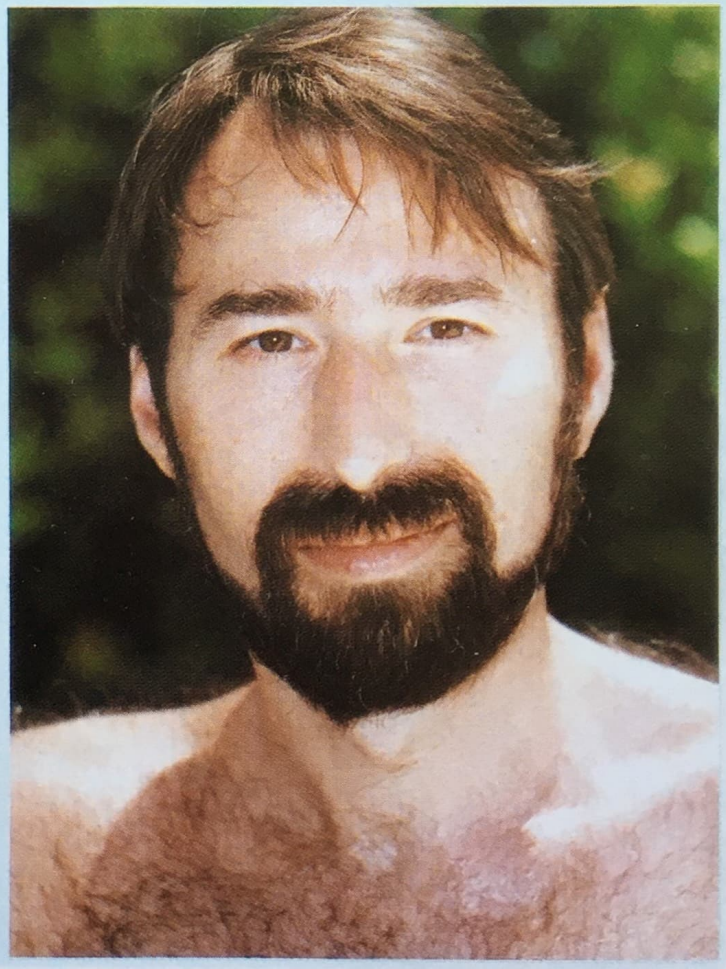
 BRUCE (BIG DADDY) VAUGHAN ALL PHOTOS BY PHOTOMAN HAROLD

SALTY DOG



FAST EDDY





NEW ORLEANS GEORGE

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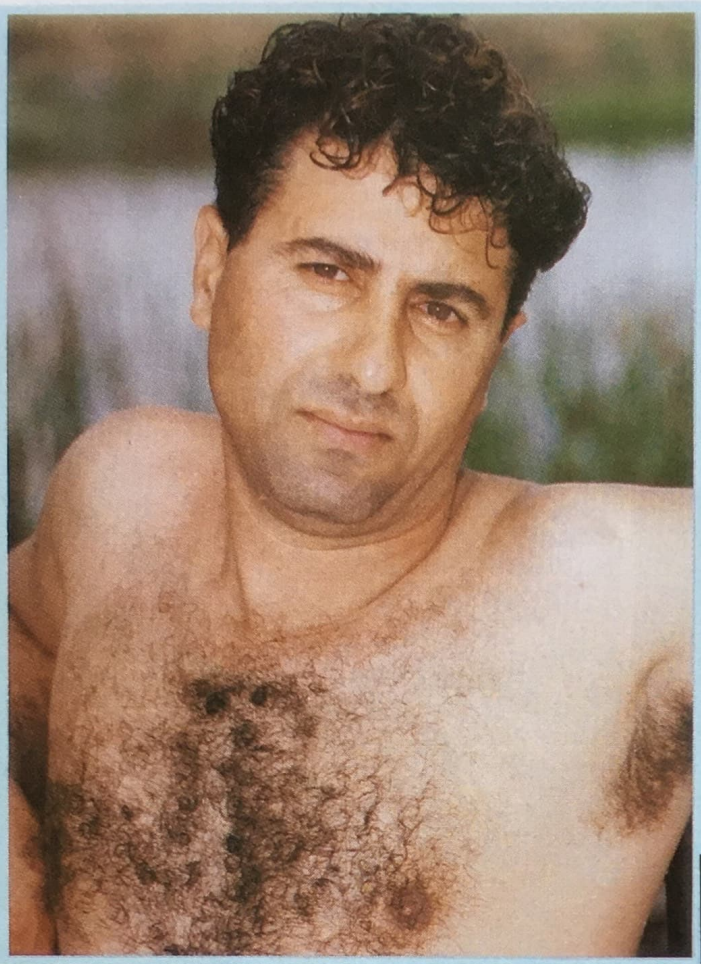
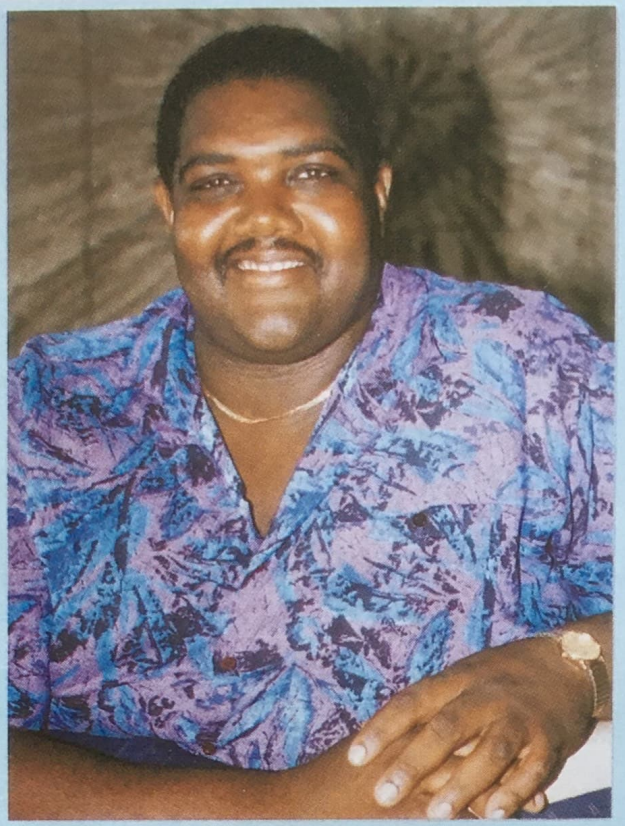
QUICKIE

SHAY



R.S.



DENNY

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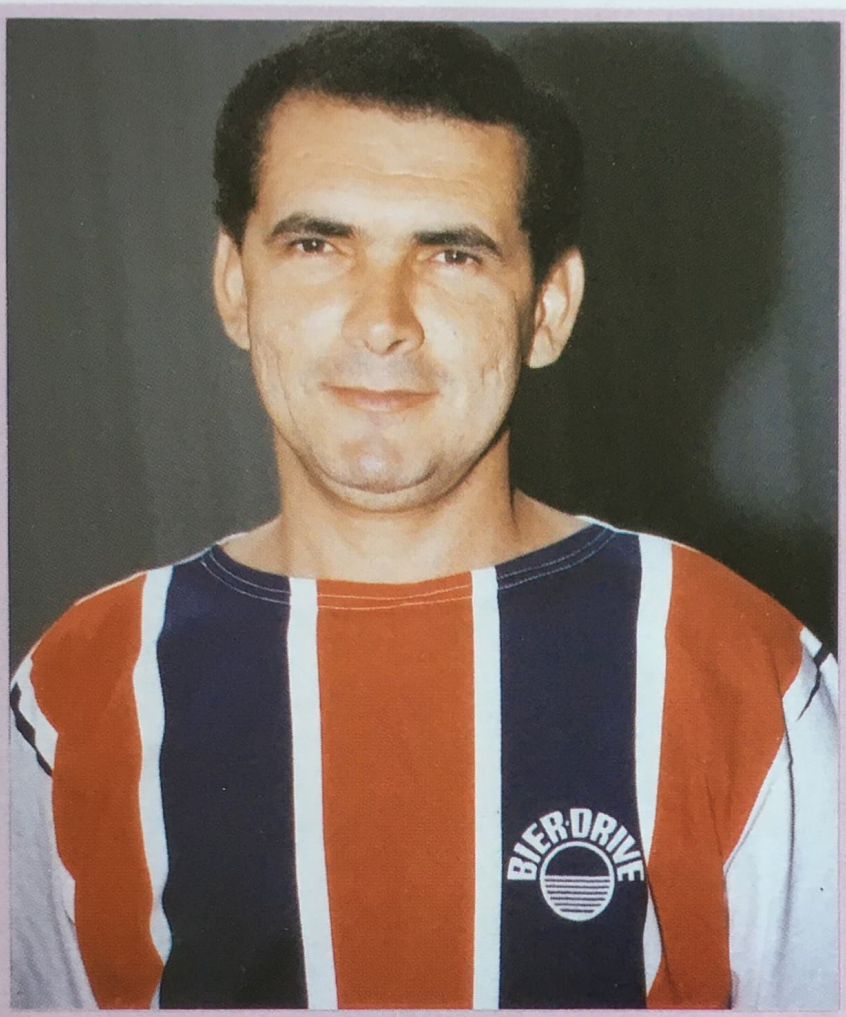
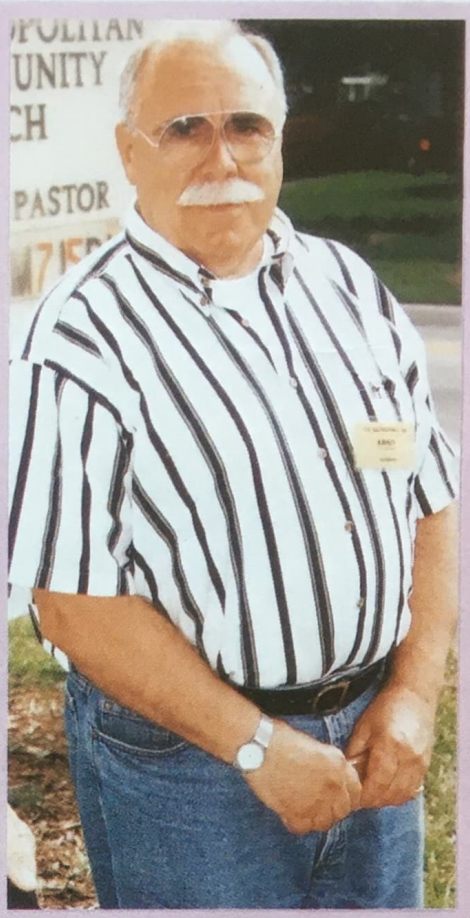
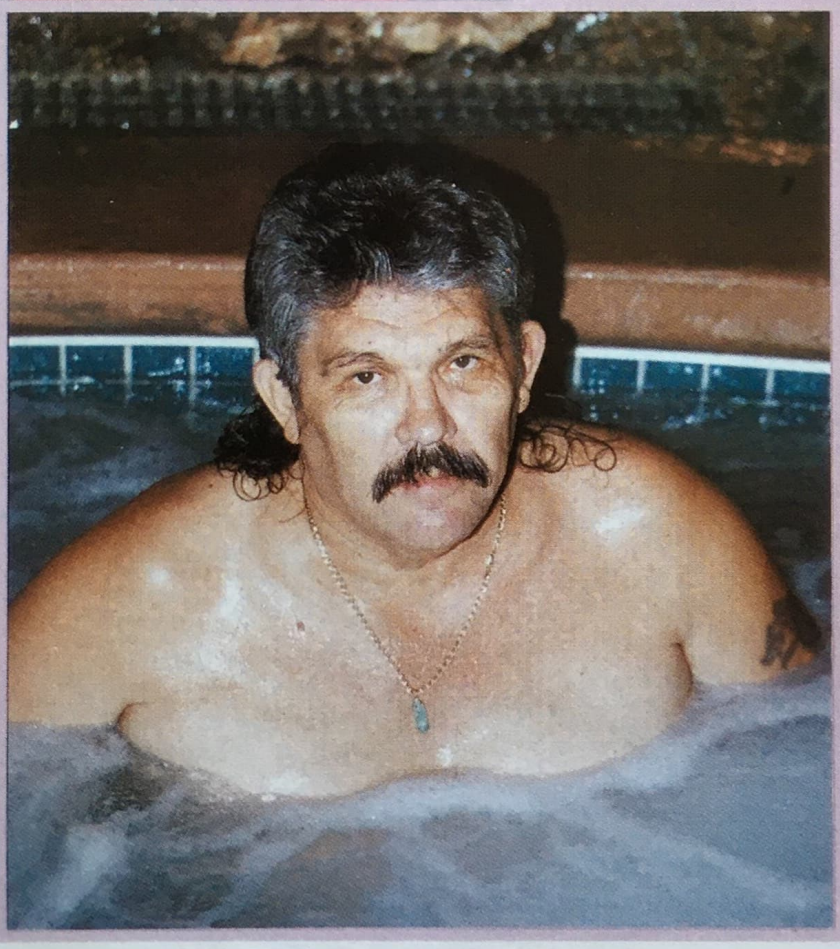
STEEL WOOL - photo by PHOTOMAN



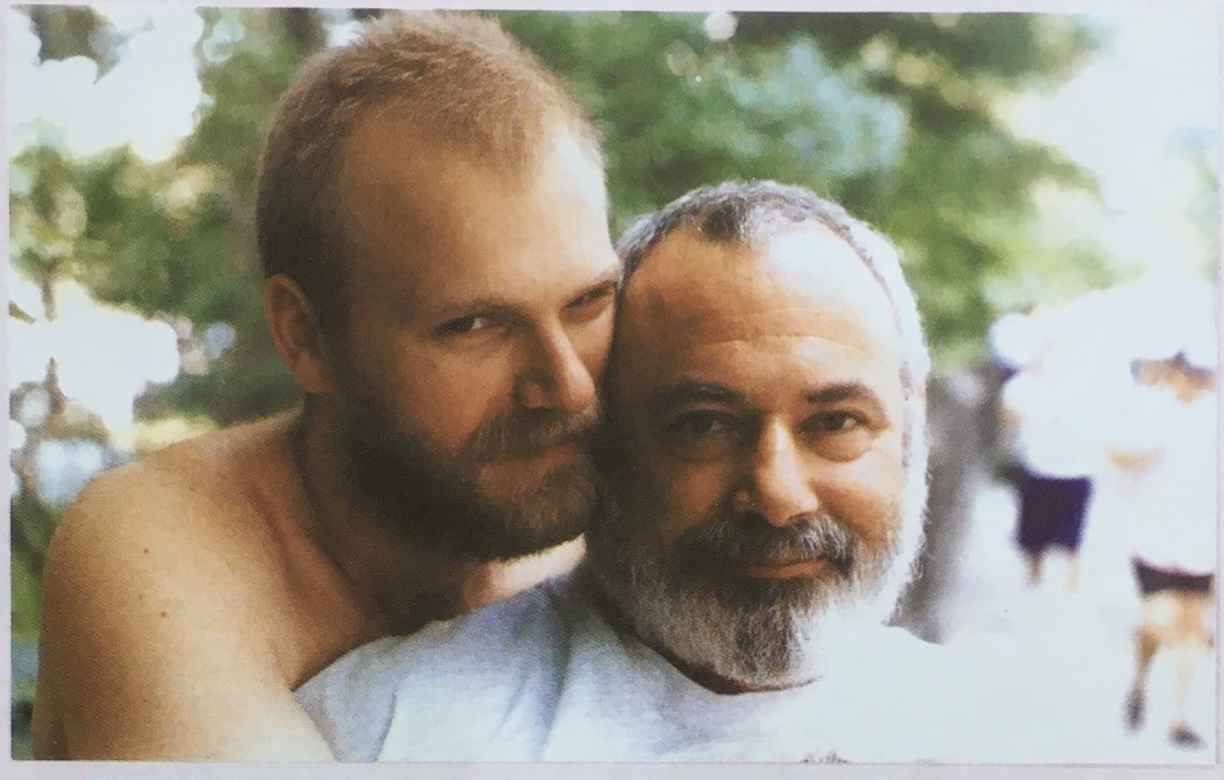
ARNO - photo by CHOCOLAD

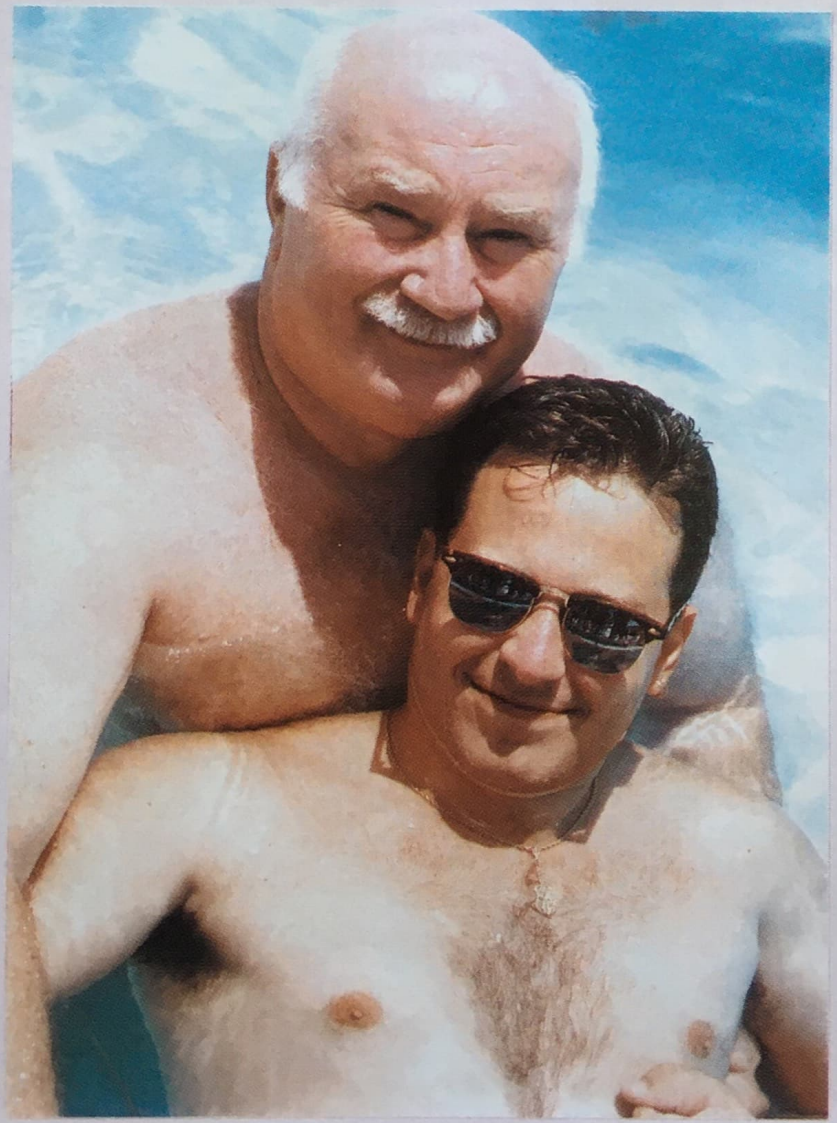




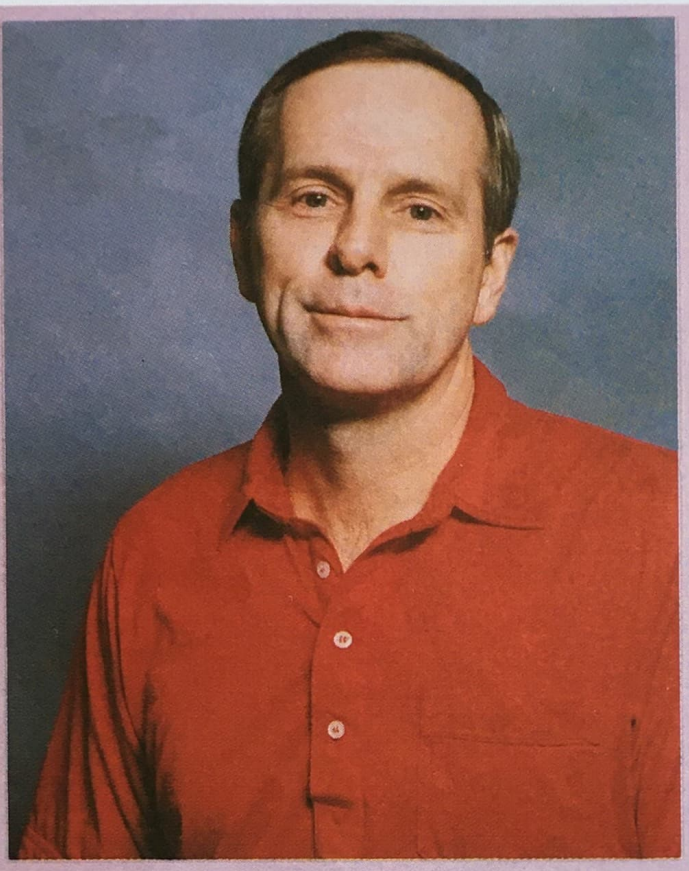
BAREKAT - photo by PHOTOMAN

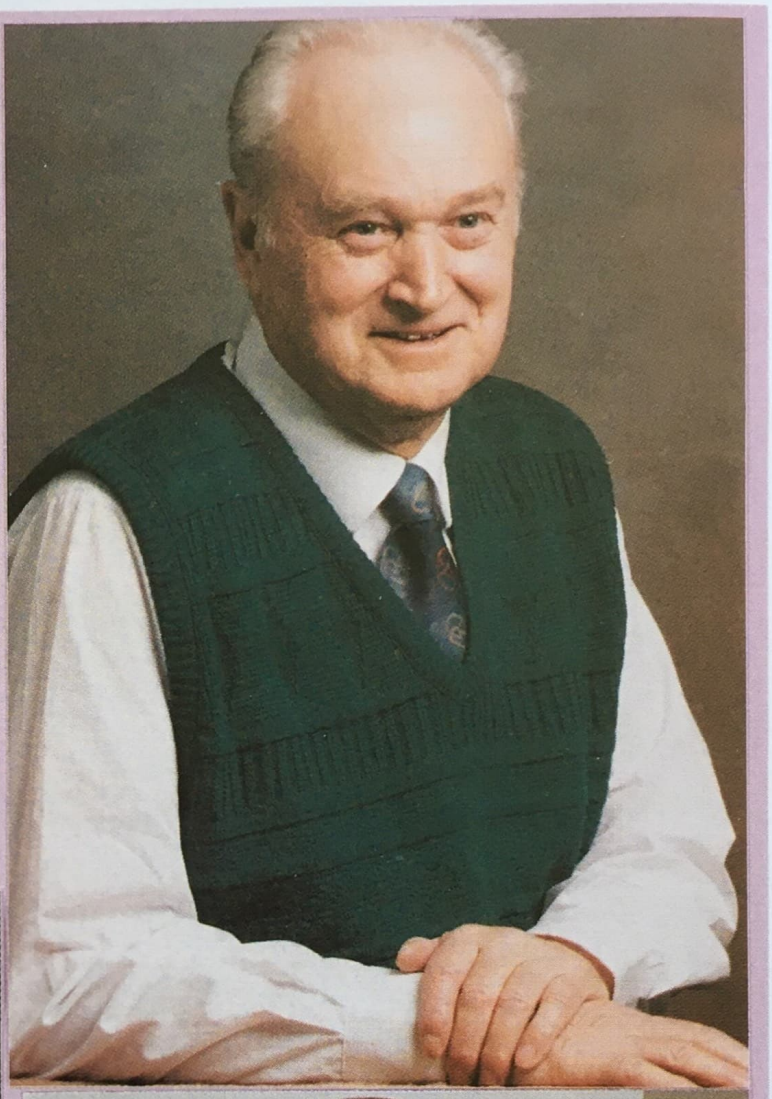
PHOTOMAN'S GROUP SHOT

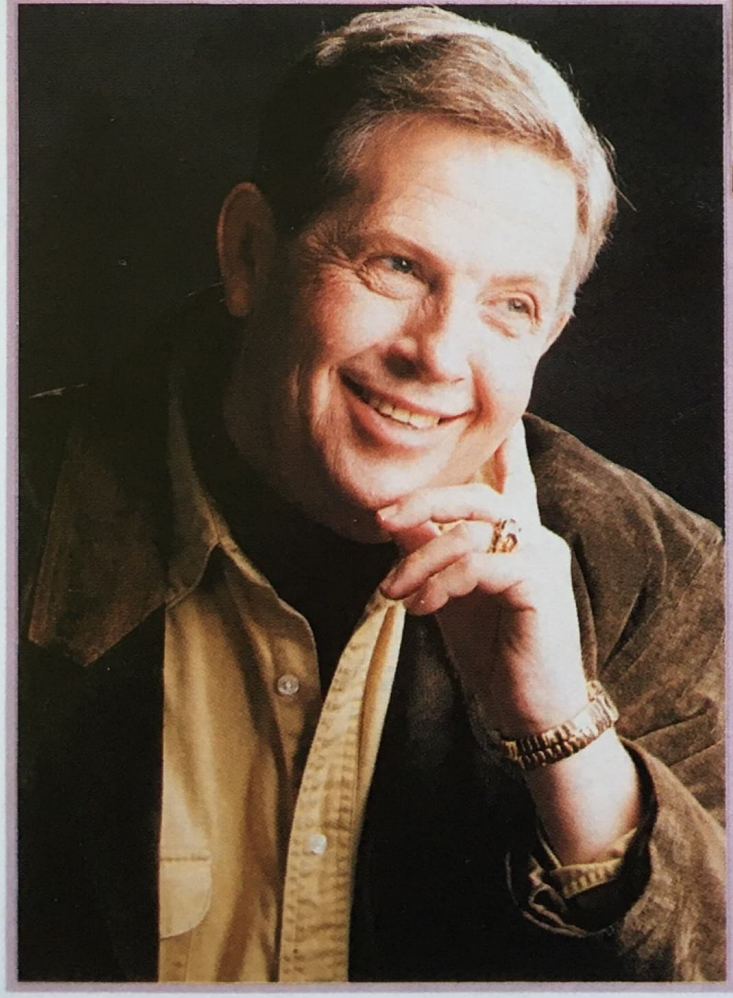


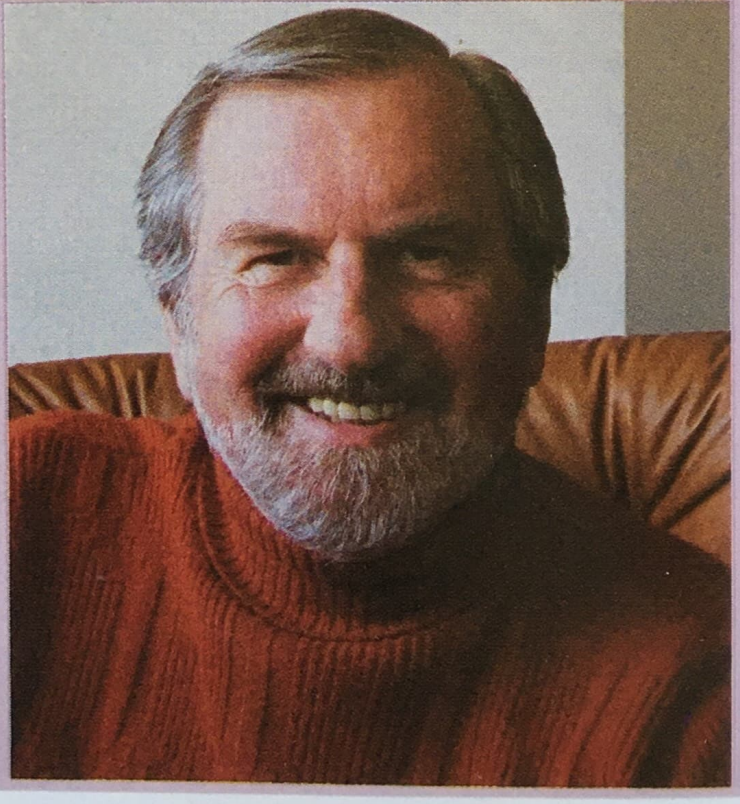


HARRY & OZZIE - photo by PHOTOMAN









HAIR BENDER - photo by SUE BULKIN

ED - photo by RALPH

MODELS

FRONT COVER:

DANNY BOY: 64, 5'-3", San Francisco, in an open relationship. He loves the sun, outdoors, gardening, soft music and animals. He's looking for friendship and companionship with other middle-aged guys.

Page 2: **SNOWFIRE**: 66, 5'-6", 190, CA Orange County, single. He likes younger men with maturity and character. **DIMPLES**: 72, 5'-9", 182#, South Florida, in a closed relationship. He likes exercise, music, opera, stamp collection. Looking for friendships. **THE BANKER**: Senior, San Francisco, popular cover model of CR #54 (sold out). He's a retired banker who likes his men on the younger and trimmer side. **FREDDY GATOR**: 63, 5'-10", 250#, Florida west coast, single. He likes movies, theater, beach, football, and quiet evenings at home with someone special. Seeking similar stature, 50-70. A must: a very hairy body, which is a real turn on.

Page 16: **THE JUGGLER**: 26, 5'-7", 175#, Philadelphia, single. He likes physical activities, cuddling, movies and quiet evenings. Looking for a special man, 50-60, to share his life with. He really wowed the audience in Orlando with his juggling and fire-eating and will perform at San Diego. **SEAN**: 65, 5'-11", 200#, Texas, in an open relationship. He and his life partner, Woody Baldwin, are known and loved by an incredible amount of men. SEAN likes nudity, meeting new friends, and singing. He sang like an angel at the Orlando Gathering and will bring his crooning voice to San Diego. **MARSHAL**: Late 50s, Oregon, in a new relationship. His musical genius is readily apparent in the soundtrack of "Mojave." Those who witness his performance and production skills in Orlando are absolutely convinced that this man is one of the best. He is the entertainment director for the San Diego Gathering and will become a key player with the new corporation. **SONSHINE**: 32, 5'-5", 160#, New England, in a relationship. A superb musician, performer, photographer, videographer, and video editor. He performed brilliantly in Orlando and will be doing more of the same—and much more—in San Diego.

Page 17: **ROB DADEO**: 60s, Los Angeles, in an open relationship. Yes, THE ROB DADEO, star of "Quadraplex." He likes meeting younger tops and other intergenerational couples. **HERMAN THE GERMAN**: 60s, Los Angeles, in a closed relationship. Yes, THE HERMAN THE GERMAN, star of "Mojave." He and his younger partner enjoy meeting other couples. **THE COLONEL**: Senior, Mississippi, in a relationship. This living legend and CR family treasure is the best ambassador a group like ours can have. The man spreads the cozy warmth of love everywhere he goes. **PAPA BEAR**: 70s, Northern California, in an open relationship. Like THE COLONEL, he's also an icon and family treasure. PAPA BEAR is the father of the gatherings, having hosted the first one near Guerneville in 1991.

Page 20: **EX-LOGGER**: 70s, Washington and Hawaii, in an open relationship. He's also a living legend and CR icon. He'll be inducted into the CR Hall of Fame in San Diego during the next convention.

Page 22: **SHORTY**: 41, 5'-6", 160#, Ft. Lauderdale, in a relationship. He likes travel, music, bicycling, movies, the company of real friends, and growing orchids.

Page 23: **OVER-EASY**: 41, 5'-9", 210#, Arkansas, single. He likes cooking, painting, flea markets, and outside life. He's looking for a man, 55+, who wants a lifetime relationship, who is loving and caring, and who will let me be the same. He did his popular "A Touch of Elvis" act in Orlando and has been invited to sing in San Diego. **R.C. KESLER**: 37, 6'-0", 182#, North Carolina, in a closed relationship. He likes bearded, heavy-set older men, but for friendship only. **RAVEN**: 40, 5'-8", 240#, western New York, single. He likes hairy, hot, over 50, sexy seniors. Looking for love, correspondence, friends. **CLASS ACT**: 38, 5'-11", 205#, Pacific Northwest, single. He likes dining out/in, micro-computers, movies, theatre, golf, travel. Looking for hairy 50+, stocky.

Page 24: **THE BALTIMORE FLASH**: 52, 5'-11", 305#, Baltimore, single. He likes being gay, meeting other men who are comfortable with themselves. He's looking for friends and maybe a long-term relationship. **BULL DAWG**: 50, 5'-8", 200#, Florida, relationship status unknown. He likes good times, films, travel, photography. He's looking for good friends. **HANK**: 65, 5'-8", 175#, Texas, in a relationship. He likes classical music/opera, plants, animals, monogamy, working with people. **HARRY S.**: 69, 5'-7", 230#, Kansas, married. He likes cuddling, loving, friendships. Looking for warm, loving friends without a permanent relationship.

Page 26: **TOMBO**: 49, 5'-5", 160#, Georgia, in an open relationship. He likes men over 40, heavy-set, especially men in the southeast and mountains.

Page 27: **ROGER & LEN**: 64/58, 5'-9"/5'-10", 150#/195#, Vancouver, in a long-term relationship with each other. **ARTEL & WOVOKA**: 80/38, 5'-8"/6'-0", 155#/195#, Midwest, in a closed relationship with each other. They met at the Orlando convention. **KAY & KINNE**: 60/60, 6'-0"/6'-1", 180#/175#, Arizona, in long-term relationship with each other. Looking for friendships and pen pals. **TINY & WAYNE:** 69/67, 5'-10"/5'-9", 185#/203#, Phoenix, in a long-term relationship with each other. They just celebrated their 45th anniversary!

Page 28: **ANDREW**: 47, 6'-2", 235#, Vermont, in an open relationship. He likes outdoor activities, cooking, horse riding, traveling, nudism, theatre, bridge. Looking for friends across the country with similar interests, especially intergenerational couples.. **JOHN BOYD**: 59, 6'-1", 220#, New Mexico, single. He likes kind, gentle men, 30-60, who enjoy making love. Loves to ski, play tennis

and listen to classical music. Looking for a relationship based upon trust, love and excitement. **ROCKY**: 60, 5'-11", 220#, Florida, in a relationship. He likes easy listening music, country life and comfortable friend. **THE TROPHY**: 41, 5'-5", 180#, Orlando, single. He loves the enjoyment of life with an older gentleman. **BRUCE VAUGHAN**: 74, 5'-7", 195#, in an open relationship. None other than the Father of CR and life partner of the publisher. **HAROLD**: 70s, 5'-5", 170#, West Palm Beach, in an open relationship. He likes to meet friends for social activities. Looking for a threesome or foursome.

Page 29: **SALTY DOG**: 72, 5'-9", 190#, Brazil, in an open relationship. This delightful American-Brazilian is looking for lots of CR friends. **FAST EDDY**: 67, 5'-10", 230#, Charlotte, NC, in a relationship. He likes tender loving care, social encounters, theatre, music, cooking and dining. **NEW ORLEANS GEORGE**: 62, 5'-7", 167#, New Orleans, single. He likes people who like leather, uninhibited sex, extensive nipple play, body piercing, exercise, tattoos, facial hair. Not looking for a relationship. **QUICKIE**: 37, 6'-2", 170#, Chicago, in a relationship. He loves time spent with friends, movies, sports, music.

Page 30: **SHAY**: 37, 5'-6", 150#, New York, single. He seeks chubby, 55 and above. **R.S.**: 40, 6'-7", 338, East Coast, single. He's looking for good friends. **WEDGE**: 37, 5'-5", 150#, North Carolina, single. He likes sailing, boating, skiing, and he's looking for 55+, hairy guy with nice proportions who is nice looking and has a nice personality. **DENNY**: He recently turned 40, but he still looks like an innocent, wholesome good guy in some 60s surfer movie. He lives on the beach in Huntington Beach with life partner, BIG MAC. He and MAC have an honest, open relationship and really enjoy meeting C-Risers of any size, age or race.

Page 31: **STEEL WOOL**: 40, 5'-9", 155#, Brazil, in an open relationship. He likes men over 55 with grey hair. Blue eyes and big bellies are a plus He doesn't speak/write English, but he's learning. He loves pen pals. His American partner will translate. **ARNO**: Senior, Germany. No other information available. **BAREKAT**: Late 50s, 6'-0", 250#, Tucson, single. Looking for 30-50 for monogamous relationship. See ad in this issue.

Page 33: **YANKAL & HERSCHEL**: 32 and 57, Brooklyn, in a closed relationship with each other. They like film, theater, books, good food and drink.

HARRY & OZZIE: 66/24, 5'-11"/5'-7", 270#/180#, Ft. Lauderdale, in a relationship with each other.

Page 34: **FALL**: 45, 5'-10", 170#, Midwest, single. He likes nature, sports, fishing, and movies. He's seeking single, 60-70, hairy, masculine gentleman in good physical shape. **GEORGE TOMLIN**: 70, 5'-10", 178#, Alberta, single. He likes bridge, walking, nudism, massage, fondling, travel. Seeks same except prefers to receive. **HAIR BENDER**: 61, 6'-0", 200#, Pennsylvania, in a closed relationship. He likes collector items, cooking, classical music, videos. Looking to meet new friends with which to socialize with partner of 12 years. **ED**: 62, 5'-10", 180#, Northern California, single. He likes big, burly, older men, 50-70 (short, fat guys too). He's seeking a relationship.

Page 43: **DELTA MAN**: 76, 5'-8", 158#, Florida, single. He likes hiking, swimming, travel, socializing with friends. He's a widower, a latecomer to the scene, and welcomes pen-pals and visitors, healthy and active 60s and above. Name reflects Mississippi origins, not the airline. **POH-POH**: 37, 5'-4", 160#, Florida, in an open relationship. He likes biking, walking, nude sunbathing, hot sex, music, TV and videos. He's looking older men, 46-68, with groomed beards, grey hair, medium height. **PETER OF FLORIDA**: 67, 5'-7", 185#, Florida, in a relationship. He likes walking on the beach, nude sunbathing, quiet evenings at home, biking. He's looking for young men, 30-40, any race. **DAN-DEE**: 56, 5'-9", 250#, San Francisco, single. He likes music, riding his motorcycle, good food, having good ole fun. He kind of likes big guys, but almost anyone with a sense of humor is interesting. But if you're a dirty old man, that's right up his alley.

Page 44: **R.G.**: 59, 5'-10", 180#, Northern California, single. He likes theater, movies, good music, fine dining, the out-of-doors. He's looking for a GWM, 30-45, non-smoker, to care for and mentor, initially as a close, intimate friend, but with the hope of a life-long relationship.

Page 48: **STEPHEN**: 41, 5'-11", 200#, Australia, single. He's looking for chubby men, 50-65, short, clean-shaven, uncut with large balls, intelligent, financially independent, romantic.

Page 49: **FLORES**: 68, tall, trim, Northern California, single. Loves his 100 pound pooch and 15 pound kitten. Likes gardening and meeting new friends.

Page 52: **SINE**: 35, 5'-9", 150#, Southeast Pennsylvania, single. He's of East Asian descent and likes Chopin, the beach, and cuddling. He seeks men over 60 who practice monogamy and are relationship-oriented.

Page 58: **PRINTER'S DEVIL**: 66, 6'-0", 230#, Chicago, single. He likes travel, good conversation, self-actualization. Looking for younger man with similar interests.

Page 59: **PAUL NELSON**: 68, 5'-7", 200#, Michigan, single. He loves theatre, flea markets, travel, cooking, sexual versatility, and sincerity.

BACK COVER:

EX BUCKEYE: 57, 5'-11", 255#, Southern California, single. He likes fishing, boating, and raising and breeding Labrador Retrievers. He's looking for a masculine, mature man over 45 with a medium build and sense of humor for a monogamous relationship.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

PHOTOMAN has recently been appointed art director of Chiron Rising Publications and will eventually join our staff full time. He will become a key officer after we incorporate the first part of next year. He and his partner, PHOTOMATE, will be relocating to Southern California soon. Those who want to contact PHOTOMAN by E-mail may reach him at

LBUZZY.AOL.COM

More of **CHOCOLAD**'s photographs of the Gathering will be featured in upcoming issues, along with photos of several other photographers. CHOCOLAD is the net moniker and codename for CARL LAWRENCE, who will be the director of food and beverage for the San Diego convention. He will likewise become more involved with us after we incorporate. His organizational skills are awesome.

(Note: Due to the overwhelming amount of photographs submitted after the Orlando convention, we have been unable to fit in the artwork of our regular contributors. The publishing of artwork will resume with the next issue.)

THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTICE - WE WILL NOT:

1. WAIT IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE FOR LETTERS WITH POSTAGE DUE. SUCH LETTERS WILL NOT BE CLAIMED.

2. FORWARD LARGE QUANTITIES OF MAIL FOR THOSE READERS WHO WRITE ALL NEW MODELS AND ADVERTISERS (AND WHO COULD BE PHOTO COLLECTORS OR MAILING LIST COMPILERS). WE WILL FORWARD FIVE PIECES OF MAIL PER WRITER AT NO CHARGE. FOR EVERY LETTER OVER FIVE, YOU MUST ENCLOSE $1 EACH (6 LETTERS = $1; 10 LETTERS = $5; 12 LETTERS = $7, ETC.). THIS IS *PER WRITER*, NOT *PER ENVELOPE*.

3. FORWARD LETTERS WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE. NOTE THE RECENT POSTAGE INCREASE BY USPS.

ALABAMA

(8/95) DOTHAN: WM, 32, 180#, 5'-11", trapped in a Baptist world! Looking for a mature, hairy gentleman, 45-up, for close relationship. I'm a nonsmoker, light drinker with a passion for reading, classical music, and the arts. Write: Ken, P.O. Box 9122, Dothan, AL 36304.

ARIZONA

(8/95) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, live in Tucson area. Looking for someone 30-50 to build a monogamous relationship with. Drink/drug free, nonsmoker. Enjoy all forms of sex as long as safe. Your photo gets mine. Write: **BAREKAT**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(12/95) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Caring WM, 58, 5'10", 180#, 9 thick cut inches. Looking for dominant, take charge, classy, well-to-do man over 55. I enjoy being spanked. Would like advice on my businesses. I will do whatever it takes to make you feel great all over. Write or call: Roger Silberman, 962 Jones #1, San Francisco, CA 94109, (415) 441-5191.

(10/95) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 49, seeking long-term relationship. Me: 6'-2", 280#, blue eyes, short dark hair, beard, mustache, moderately hairy, small to average endowment, cut, Fr A/P, Gr P/A, many interests. You: GM, 30-70, short, balding, hairy, and seeking lover. Note: All physical characteristics are negotiable. Write: Taylor, 146 Portola Dr. #201, San Francisco, CA 94131.

(12/95) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA: Husky, bearded, HIV neg., masculine Dad seeks Son. Photo to: Ken, Box 722, Campbell, CA 95009.

(8/95) SACRAMENTO: GWM, 50, 6'-2", average looks, retired, HIV neg., balding auburn and grey hair, 198#, blue/green eyes, mostly bottom, coming out of 15-year relationship. Seeking GWM, sincere, honest, affectionate, caring, trustful friend, 48 yrs +. Penpals welcome. Write: W.R., 5843 Jansen Dr., Sacramento, CA 95824.

(10/95) NATIONWIDE: Chubby Chaser likes big, burly bruisers with big bones and big bellies, 50++. Partial to short heavy guys too. Relationship oriented. I want to fall in love, run away to Ireland, live on the cliffs by the sea, and roll in the moss forever! Or we can rent a video. I'm 62, 5'-10", 180#, masculine, balanced (financially and emotionally). Since chemistry is first, let's share photos. E.P., P.O. Box 1057, Fairfax, CA 94978.

(8/95) SAN FRANCISCO AREA: Handsome, tall, stocky, bi-married (separated) white, masculine, 56 y/o executive seeks unusual bonding and intellectual/physical stimulation from non-scene good guy. Prefer intellectual, professional, masculine-acting, small-framed, romantic type—into fly fishing, cultural activities, mysticism, father/son fantasies, long-term bonding. HIV negative status only; no smoke, drugs, excess drink, kinky scenes. Age/race no barrier, but emotional and financial self-sufficiency is. Discretion given and expected. Write responsive letter with photo to: **MR. JONN**

(10/95) EAST BAY/NATIONWIDE: Submissive "boy" is 62, 5'-11", 245#, French A, Greek P, HIV negative, with full dentures, silver hair and seven tattoos. Do you J/O using two fingers or two hands? Retired GWM is available any day for a two-fisted stud. See my photo in CR #63. Locals may call (510) 443-3083 and ask for Doggie. If you have a different area code, please send picture of penis to: **DOGGIE**

(8/95) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: 63, 5'-11", 150# and lonely, needs friends, penpals. I enjoy all that homosexuals enjoy. Write: Bob Walsh, 69 Wendy Circle, Grass Valley, CA 95945.

(8/95) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Good looking GAM, mid-40s, 5'-7", slim, HIV negative, caring, affectionate, easygoing with good heart, is interested in meeting a mature GWM for possible relationship. No smoking. Together we enjoy movies, traveling, cooking, quiet times. Write with photo if possible (will be returned) to: Jack, 537 Jones #2316, San Francisco, CA 94102.

(8/95) LAKE COUNTY: 42 y/o GWM, 6'-3", 200#, quite shy type. I'm discreet, masculine, straight acting. Enjoy hiking, bicycling, hot tub, country drives, nature, cooking, movies, and quiet times at home. Seek friend with similar interests for possible long-term relationship. Lite drink and smoke okay. **YCAL**

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

(12/95) CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: Easy-going, open-minded, pleasure-loving and affectionate senior seeks young-at-heart companion who can still learn new tricks from an old dog. Interests include (but not limited to) nudity, photography, music, theater, massage, hottubs, good food, wine and conversation. I'm 5'-7", 145#, nonsmoker, HIV negative, Greek/P, French/A. Write: **TARHEEL**

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(8/95) SAN DIEGO: GWM, 51, 5'-11", husky, brown/brown, moustache, smooth chest, cut/average, masculine, discreet. Seeks masculine men into various mutual J/O scenes, erotic massage, revealing clothes, nudity. Write and/or meet. Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(2/96) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happily horny, very masculine, versatile GWM, seeks assertive man. Size, age, grey, bald, bellies, potency, not important. You are masculine, HIV negative and you hug like a champ. I am 63, 5'-10", 215#, hairy and very talented. Prefer San Fernando Valley and Burbank. Write Paul, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(2/96) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 5'-11", 250#+, glasses, moustache, brown/brown, nonsmoker, passionate (oral A/P) nurturing, creative. Newly retired, financially secure. Seeking masculine lifemate under 40. Any race, body type welcome. Write with photo to: George Green, Box 1312, Canyon Country, CA 91386-1312.

(2/96) SAN DIEGO: GWM, 52, 5'-11", 225#, salt-pepper brown hair, blue eyes, mustache, smooth chest, cut, seeks masculine man to 65 yrs. Enjoy mutual J/O scenes, French, erotic massage, revealing clothes, nudity, frottage. Write/meet, photo exchange. Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(8/95) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: WM, 62, 5'-11", 200#, sincere, Greek passive. Horny but not hard-up. Seeks new friends, all ages, for fun, travel, visits. Write or call: Alfred, Box 911, Thousand Palms, CA 92276, (619) 343-1546.

(2/96) FIT, FIESTY, FIFTY-TWO and ready to provide the right guy with sincerity, companionship, love, and a life filled with growth and sharing. Seeking reality over rhetoric, substance over symbolism. If you're 35 to 50, together, willing to relocate, I'd like to hear from you. We'll exchange photos. Don, P.O. Box 5236, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

(10/95) LOS ANGELES: 66, GWM, discreet, HIV negative, educator/professional, 200#, 6'-0", average build, blue eyes, white hair. You be 40 or under, boyish, nonsmoker/no drugs, computer a plus. Quiet, experimental, no attitude/hang-ups. Warren: (213) 598-1330.

(8/95) CALIFORNIA NATIONWIDE: Gay Senior Male, 61, 5'-7", 165#, would like to share my beautiful ranch home with someone retired in his 60s, in good health and who still drives. Have three-bedroom, two-bath house on 2-1/2 acres with a beautiful view of the city. Am willing to take in two gay seniors such as myself. I am very easy-going and don't smoke of drink, but you can be a social drinker (no smokers or heavy drinkers) who is willing to share expenses. If you are lonesome and alone as I am, come share the good life. I cook, bake and keep a neat home. I love roses, theater, good books, and a good movie. Let's become a family, share the good times and the bad. If you're interested, please write: **LONESOME**

(8/95) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Accomplished artist, 65, 6 ft., 246 #, blue-green eyes, horny with big fat uncut dick, seeks younger man, semi-muscular, 180-200#, nonsmoker, non-drinker/drugger. I'm a quiet homebody (too much so) who loves all music, art, theater, camping. One of my paintings appeared in CR 64 and my photo appeared in CR 57. Dick Collins: (818) 964-8121.

(8/95) NATIONWIDE - KOMBUCHA OR MUSHROOM TEA DRINKERS: Chinese, 65, 5'-6", 178#, retired CFO/Controller. Interests: classical piano, rare orchids, exotic plants, gourmet foods, fishing, oil painting, computers, etc. Since this ancient brew is *supposedly* an elixir for almost everything (insomnia, irregularity, impotence, arthritis, wrinkles, cancer, AIDS, etc), I would like to hear from C-Risers of their experiences with same. Thank you. **CHOP CHOP**

CONNECTICUT

(12/95) ARE YOU A BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 51, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813. (203) 794-0868.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(8/95) NATIONWIDE: GBM, 41, 210#, 6'-1", mustache, 7" cut, healthy, avidly seeking sex-buddies and no-strings friendships. Turn-ons? Affection, sensual stroking, mutual J/O and French and feet/footwear! Other interests: books, film, theater, music, opera, travel, museums and astrology. Race and age unimportant. Eric, P.O. Box 25012, Washington, DC 20007-8012.

FLORIDA

(8/95) SOUTH FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Big bear cub, 44, 6'-3", 260#, adventurous, healthy, intelligent, sexual, professional, hunting for dominant burly papa bear with similar traits, 50-70, 200+ lbs for antics and hibernation (bald/hairy = ++). Respond with photo. **MATING SEASON**

(10/95) FT. LAUDERDALE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-10", 190#, white mustache and sides, silver hair, caring, loving, sincere, monogamous, great sense of humor, seeking young, slender life mate. Photo appreciated. Write Don, P.O. Box 11313, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33339.

(8/95) JUPITER: GWM, 62, 5'-8", 142#, 7" cut, clean-shaven bottom, swimmer's body, close-cropped, salt & pepper hair, educated, French active and passive, Greek passive, HIV negative, seeks dominant TOP, 55+, for monogamy. Will relocate. P. Monet, P.O. Box 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468.

(10/95) OCALA: GWM, 50, HIV negative. Offers uninhibited mutual pleasure in the comfort of your home. Hard and horny, have it the way you want it. Creative and fun group welcome. No relationship wanted. Write: Pat Peerless, P.O. Box 1447, Belleview, FL 34421.

(8/95) FLORIDA: Young in heart and appearance, this 78 yr young GWM is in search of a gay but masculine senior who is honest, sincere and affectionate, for friendship and fun, day or

evening. South Broward area or north Dade is preferred. I'm a retired professional, a college graduate, widower, a silver fox with average looks, 5'-6" tall and weigh 160#. I'm a nonsmoker, moderate drinker who loves life, music, the arts, good food and a quiet, cozy evening at home. Sexually I'm Fr A/Gr P when aroused. However, I find that spending quality time in foreplay is very stimulating and satisfying. If you're tired of the singles scene, let's meet and get acquainted. No strings attached. A letter with your picture (returnable) gets mine. Sorry, no picture, no answer. Write: **DIOGENES**

(8/95) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 55, 6 ft, 205#, brown/brown with slight greying of the hair, HIV negative, fatherly type, looking for younger son/brother to care for and share with. Only prerequisite is a willingness to bond and be intimate. Write: **FATHER JOHN**

(10/95) NORTHWEST FLORIDA: GWM, 37, 6'-1", 205#, balding, in search of older men, 55+, for friendship and more. I'm single, healthy, HIV negative, nonsmoker, and light drinker. I enjoy traveling, beaches, movies, restaurants, and lots of hugging, kissing, and cuddling. **DAVE**

(12/95) FLORIDA WEST COAST: If you are a GWM in your 30s or 40s and wish for a loving, caring, honest life partner in his 60s who loves home life, will you write to me? I am a GWM who also has a prostate problem, but this does not affect my ability to love. It will only make me more loving, faithful and devoted to you. **OMEGA**

(10/95) FLORIDA WEST COAST/NATIONWIDE: Am tall, lean, with credentials to match. I'm a 165#, 70-year-old affectionate lover seeking similar attributes. Relax, enjoy privacy with pool in Florida weather. Your response gets detailed letter and photo. Rod: (813) 862-1395

GEORGIA

(4/96) AFFECTIONATE, CUDDLY, PLAYFUL TEDDY BEAR: 48, 5'-10", 190#, with smiling blue eyes and brown hair, seeks loving soul mate, 20-55. Ken, P.O. Box 16374, Savannah, GA 31416.

(8/95) ATLANTA: Sharp, creative GWM, 57, 5'-10", 195, homebody, into the arts, nature, self-growth, seeks compatible young man who wants a reciprocal relationship. I'm non-materialistic, non-glamorous, and prefer to cut to and live at the heart of things. Jim, Box 2158, Decatur, GA 30031.

ILLINOIS

(8/95) ILLINOIS: GWM, 61, 5'-10", 150#, young-looking, loving, caring, honest, any race, age 50 to 70. Like bald, dark skin. Near Peoria and LaSalle. Write: Ed, Box 231, Bureau, IL 61315.

(8/95) ILLINOIS: WM, 5'-9", 170#, Chicago. Seek white, 65-75, masculine, HIV negative, heavy but not overly heavy man. Kindness and sincerity a must. Mate of 35 years died two years ago. Am ready for new friendships. Write: **JULES**

(10/95) ILLINOIS: 39-year-old, German/Irish, available for correspondence and meetings with new friends. I'm 5'-8" with a stocky build, with a 44" chest. I like the outdoors, big dogs, new age music, camping, bike rides. Seeking an older man with a stocky build, 47-58, and masculine. Great looks not required, but a good attitude is. Write: **DENNIS**

INDIANA

(8/95) CENTRAL INDIANA: GWM, 60s, 5'-7", 160# (give or take a little), bald with silver white fringe. I am a very warm-hearted and open-minded person seeking someone who is young at heart, honest and very trustworthy. I am HIV negative and seeking same. I am a nonsmoker, non-drinker, and not into drugs. Seeking a friend who is similar and wanting closeness. Monogamous minded. Quiet and shy. Write: **TANNER**

(4/96) WEST-CENTRAL INDIANA/NATIONWIDE: 52, 5'-9", 185#, 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for older (60s to 80s) white, clean-shaven, gray/white hair, uncut, short and stocky a plus. I'm a social drinker, smoke a pipe, like golfing, fishing and traveling. I have a lot of love to share with anyone who likes a good man-to-man relationship. Send photo and phone number to R.D.W., 1536 S. Center St., Terre Haute, IN 47802.

MARYLAND

(8/95) NATIONWIDE: Conservative GWM, 66, 5'-8", 140#, smooth body with Brown hair/eyes, gray 'stache and HIV negative. I am a small-endowed, service-oriented bottom, seeking to please unpretentious, mature (pref. 40+) masculine top (gay-bi or straight) with friendship, affection and sex. Looks and endowment not as important as honesty, compatibility, sincerity, caring attitude and respect for traditional Christian values. Enjoy classic films, opera and most other music, animals, quiet times with good friends and long walks. Am financially self-sufficient and relocation a possibility for right connection, especially in rural or semi-rural community. Would also appreciate penpal letters describing your part of the country. Write: **GEMINI**

MASSACHUSETTS

(8/95) CHEST TO CHEST - CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 45, 5'-11", 185#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. Photo appreciated. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(8/95) BOSTON: Single daddy type, 65, seeks one special young man, 25-45, any race, for serious relationship. Your location not important. I can travel now, maybe relocate later. See recent CR photos. **BOSTON BILL**

(8/95) LOWELL: GWM, 48, 5'-6", 210#, bearded and hairy. Interested in special friendship/sensuous times with older, chubby men. Beards a plus. Write: J.S., Box 9371, Lowell, MA 01853-9371. All with photo answered.

MISSISSIPPI

(10/95) WANTED: LIVE-IN PARTNER or Gulf Coast visitors who are 50-65, French passive, preferably uncut, and who likes dogs. Me: 68, 5'-9", 163#, uncut, blue eyes, brown hair, crewcut. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

(12/95) THE TRAVELIN' PROFESSOR: Ex-professor of history, 69 years old, 6'-2", 173#, grey hair, brown eyes, versatile. Especially interested in meeting priests, clergy, and other professionals. Can visit and host. Write: J.W., P.O. Box 4056, Biloxi, MS 39535.

MISSOURI

(12/95) KANSAS CITY/NATIONWIDE: GHM (Mex), 5'-11", 270#, 46, HIV negative, in search of fat men for safe, discreet, adult fun. Write Peter, 1018 Bennington, Kansas City, MO 64126.

NEW JERSEY

(10/95) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 66, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(8/95) JERSEY CITY: Distinguished looking, professional, 63 years young, 5'-9", 230#, into making love, having sex, quiet evenings, small parties. Honest. Can travel. French A/P, Greek P. Will answer all. Write: **JERSEY BANKER**

NEW MEXICO

(12/95) ALBUQUERQUE, SOUTHWEST, NATIONWIDE: Exciting GWM, 59, 6'-1", 220#, thinning on top, gray hair, seeks 30-60+ for friendship and possible relationship. I enjoy skiing, tennis, travel, classical music, opera, dining out, cooking, theater. I am a Visual Artist ... French; Greek A/P. Sincerity and honesty are paramount to any friendship. PLEASE, only serious respond. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply. Write: JBH, 5260 Mesa Del Oso Road, N.E., Albuquerque, NM 87111.

NEW YORK

(10/95) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 45-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, moustache, 180#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks of stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(8/95) OZONE PARK: Very sensuous GWM, 57, 5'-7", 165#, uncut/average, seeking mature men, 57-70+, HIV negative, as I, please. Lots of hugging, kissing and cuddling. Love mutual J/O and B/J. Want to get together 3,4,5 times a week for sensuous encounters with clean-shaven face (mustache okay) men, gay or bi. Also love slightly chubby, crossdressers, married, widowered. Also group encounters considered. Write: **BOBOPO**

(8/95) NEW YORK: GWM, 53, 5'-7", 200#, masculine, blue/brown, healthy, moderately hairy, mustache, sense of humor, no drugs/smoke, sincere. Seeks masculine type daddy, over 180#, mature (40+), any race, with hot (safe) sex, moderate S & M, and heavy affection. I enjoy travel, foods, country life, nature, beach, mountains, walks, movies. Serious replies with photo. Write: **DINGO**

(10/95) BROOKLYN: Sexy, boyish 33 y/o, handsome, 6'-3", 240#, football player frame. Seeking older men for friendship. After dinner, theatre, or a board game, I like to sit back and be serviced. Denture wearers welcome. Possible occasional reciprocation. I am a clean, HIV negative smoker. Write: **BUTCH BOY**

(12/95) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 68, 6'-1", 170#, brown hair with white streak, seeks 30-65, smooth body, for friendship and more. Oral service, fit, discreet and sincere. Your photo gets mine. Write: **BIG BOB**

(8/95) ALBANY: GAM, 32, 5'-9", 150#, boyish looks, masculine, homebody, recent college graduate *(summa cum laude)*, seeks a chubby, caring, loving, fatherly gentleman for monogamous relationship. Please respond with photo to: Ron, P.O. Box 176, Albany, NY 12201.

(12/95) NEW YORK CITY/INTERNATIONAL: Are you a very stout man (any age/ethnicity)? I'm SBiWM, busy performer/craftsman, humanities educator, passionate, healthy, no tobacco/drink/drugs, HIV negative, white hair & beard, 5'-9", 150#, 70; sharer, but give and need "space"; not into daddy-boy, master-slave or kinky; bare, not "bear." Photo/phone for same. Russell, P.O. Box 617, New York, NY 10014-0617.

NORTH CAROLINA

(10/95) WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA: GWM, 35, 6 ft., 166#, HIV negative. Interests are skiing, wilderness hiking, radio control airplanes, fishing, bowling, computers, good conversation. Looking for GWM, 55+, for friendship and or relationship, with similar interests. Photo appreciated. Write to: **NEON DEON**

OHIO

(2/96) CLEVELAND/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 5'-4", 190#, seeks friends, penpals, son/buddy types, nationwide, 18-45, on a non-relationship basis. Have many interests, needs, wants, desires. Am sincere, passionate, romantic, loving, etc. Send explicit letter/photo if possible to H.P.S., P.O. Box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

(10/95) CLEVELAND/NATIONWIDE: OGWM in search of YGWM. Handsome, tanned, 6'-3", 215#, blond with blue eyes, clean-shaven, all-American type, in good shape, advertising executive with no gray hair, no wrinkles, no gut and no mental or physical problems, seeks special younger (30+) individual for permanent, monogamous relationship. I'm honest and dependable and a genuinely nice person with a great track record and a good sense of humor. Don't reply unless an older man who doesn't look or act like an older man turns you on. Your letter and photo get my hairy-chested picture by return mail. Barry, Box 183, 13944 Cedar Road, University Heights, OH 44118.

TEXAS

(10/95) TEXAS/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 64, 5'-8", 165#, brown eyes, silver hair, excellent health. Non-smoker, Dutch. Professional, retire anytime. Interests include stained glass/woodworking, needlepoint, good antiques, classical music, plants, animals. Greek/French A/P, uncut. Seek warm, affectionate, monogamous lifemate. Will relocate. Hank Weyland, 1607 Pearl, Nacogdoches, TX 75961.

(10/95) TEXAS: Bi Male, 6 ft, 210#, 45 y/o professional with blond hair and blue eyes, seeks 55+, masculine Daddy type, no S & M or bondage. Seek strong, masculine type that can express love. Must live within 100 miles of Houston, Texas. Interests: golf, hunting, fishing and great sex. I love to please. Contact: **SENIOR PLEASER**

(10/95) EL PASO: GWM, 65, 6'-2", 195#, seeks black soulmate, 35-50 years old. Must be monogamous, gentle, romantic, kind, HIV negative, no drugs or alcohol. Must relocate here. Serious inquiries only. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 371885, El Paso, TX 79937.

(12/95) SHERMAN: GWM, looking for an honest and sincere person for a good, honest relationship. I do not drink or smoke or use drugs. I'm 53 years old, with blue eyes and brown hair. Weight: 190#. HIV negative. Write to John Brewer, 719 S. Charles, Sherman, TX 75090. (903) 868-2448.

VIRGINIA

(2/96) ARLINGTON: GWM, 53, 5'-9", 248#, bear, moustache. Race unimportant. Interests: meditation, massage, C & W dancing. Send photo if possible. Boom, P.O. Box 4641, Arlington, VA 22204.

WASHINGTON

(8/95) SEATTLE AREA MAN SEEKS YOUNGER PARTNER who is masculine, honest, self-sufficient, mature and who wants a monogamous long-term relationship. I'm 58, 6'-1", 210#, bearded, hairy, aggressive, and affectionate. I'm self-employed; have diverse interests; and enjoy skiing, hiking, sailing, travel, working out, friends and home. You be willing to follow at times but lead at others. Are you willing to make the commitment and effort to build a strong relationship? Can you relocate? Write Sam, P.O. Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206-5132, or call (206) 292-1096.

(8/95) WASHINGTON/IDAHO/MONTANA: GWM, 54, 135#, 5'-7", vacationing August 95, wishes to contact C-Risers for fun and friendship. Can pay own way. Your pix gets mine. Write: Lannon, P.O. Box 42034, Santa Barbara, CA 93140.

(8/95) WASHINGTON/TACOMA AREA: 65 y/o, 185#, 5'-8", in platonic marriage. Seeks companionship with 60 y/o and older. Write: **TACOMA RIC**

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: International letter rates have gone up. Please check with your postmaster. Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(10/95) INTERNATIONAL: GWM 6'2", 225#, 52 yrs old, HIV neg, financially independent, living in Spain, smoker, social drinker, would like to meet Ram-type 50+, husky, hairy, masculine, take-charge gentleman who has a good sense of humor. A tuxedo to him is the same as wearing blue jeans. He should be experienced in the international straight and gay social life, and if he has a twinkle in his eye, that will make it perfect. Please, if possible, send picture, which I will return, and letter to: **OSPREY**

(8/95) CANADA: GM, retired professional, 65, 5'-9", 175#, masculine, hairy, balding, in excellent health, young at heart. Interests are reading, music, travel, conversation. Social drinker, nonsmoker. Seeking sincere, affectionate male, 30+, for friendship/relationship/penpals. A photo included in your detailed letter will be appreciated. Write to: C. Beckstead, 8 Marigold Street, Brantford, Ontario, Canada, N3R 5W8, or call (519) 753-4580.

(4/97) ITALY: I am 25, virile, lovely, sensual. I love nudism and I seek mature men, 45-80, for friendship, exchanging correspondence, phone talk and, if possible, a visit. Letter with photo and/or phone appreciated. Will answer all. Write: **FERRARI**

(8/95) MEXICO BOUND: GWM couple, 49 & 69, thinking of moving to Baja California. Would like to correspond with others living there to provide information and help with relocating there. Write: Keefer, P.O. Box 8503, Red Bluff, CA 96080. Others with like thinking should also respond. Please include phone number.

(10/95) AUSTRALIA: GWM, 41, 5'-11", 200#, solid masculine build, blue eyes, romantic, intelligent, company director, loyal, sincere, and appreciates the finer things in life. Will visit U.S.A. in '95. Seeks GWM, 50-65, financially secure and seeking a monogamous life partner (pen pals also encouraged). Prefer men with short chubby build exceeding 230#, clean-shaven, gray and/or balding, passive, uncut, large balls, white underwear. Distinguished looking with a sense of humor and love of life. Photo exchange. Respond to: "Stephen," P.O. Box 212, Scarborough Beach 6019, Perth, Western Australia, AUSTRALIA.

(8/95) ALBERTA: GWM, 70, 5'-10", 185#, 6", uncut, social drinker, nonsmoker, wants 50+. Prefer to receive than give sex, cuddle, hug, kiss, French-Greek A/P. Photo please. Sports fan, travel, bridge. George Tomlan, P.O. Box 890, Red Deer, Alberta, T4N SH3, CANADA

(2/96) INTERNATIONAL: W/Bi/M, 56, 5'-9", 150#, 6-1/2 uncut, grey-green eyes, brown hair, fit, likes arts, reading, music, theatre, sports, beaches, sense of humor. Sexually versatile, imaginative, erotic, horny, French and Greek A/P, HIV negative. Lives in permanent vacations between South America, Europe and U.S. No drugs, no SM, light drinking only. Jeans and tuxedos okay. Looking for slim, healthy, cultured, hedonistic, charming W/Bi/M, 55-70 (white hair a plus) to care for and spoil and enjoy good life together. **PAMPAS**

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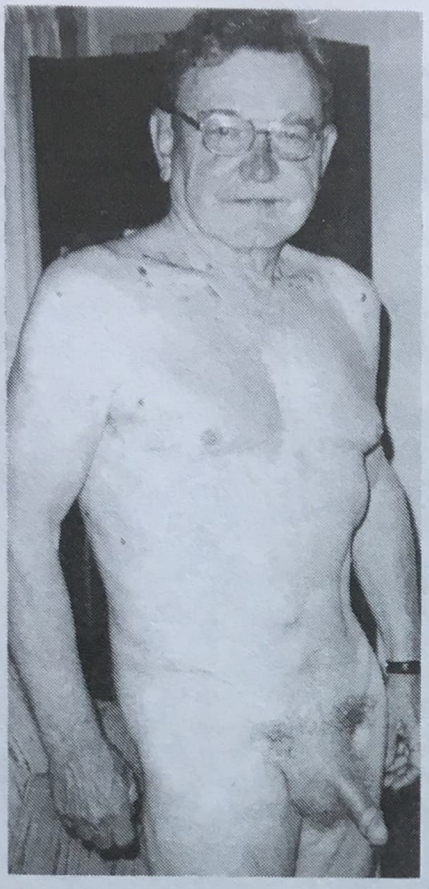

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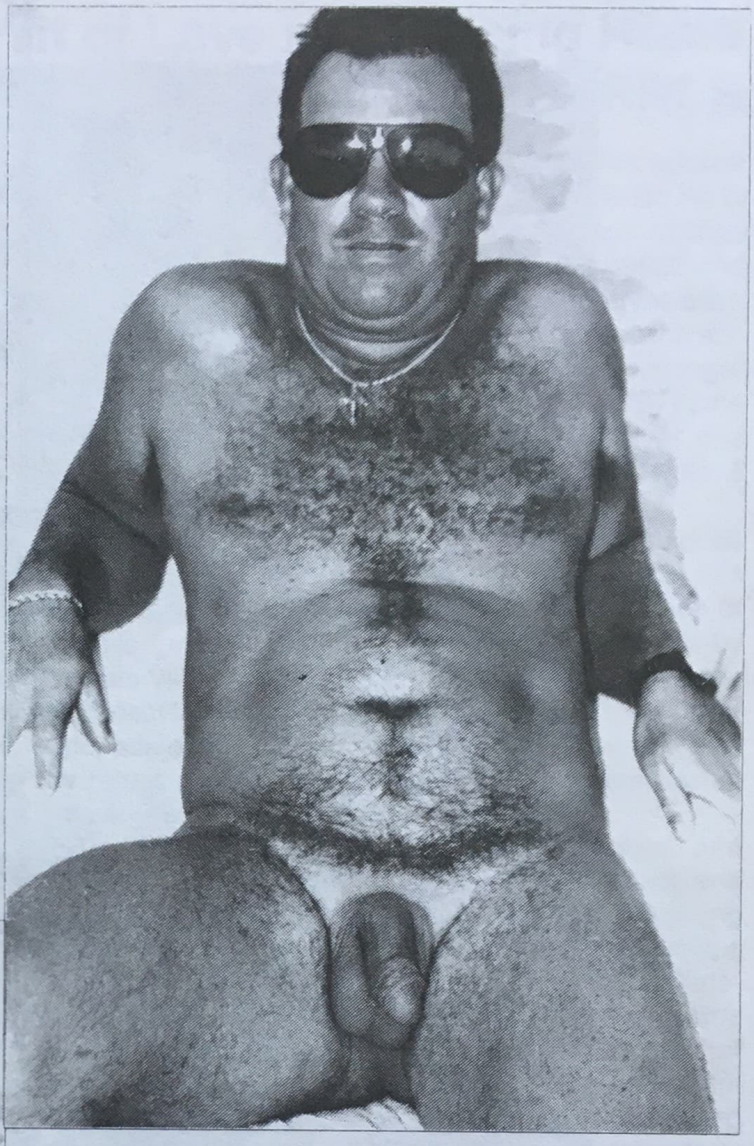

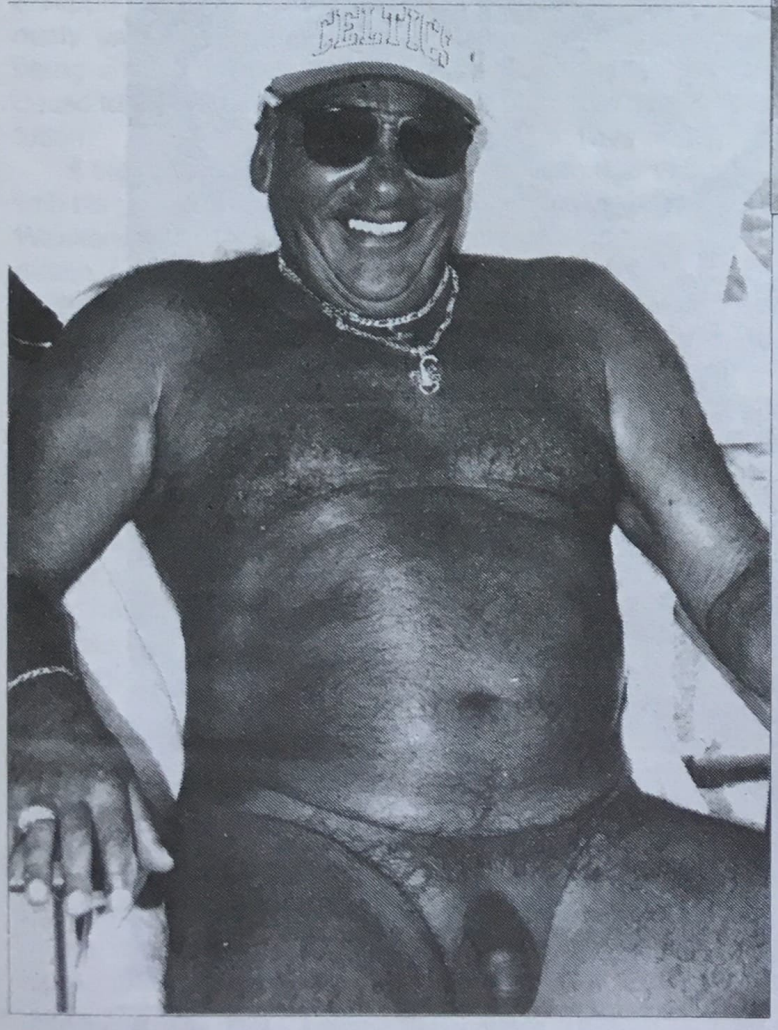

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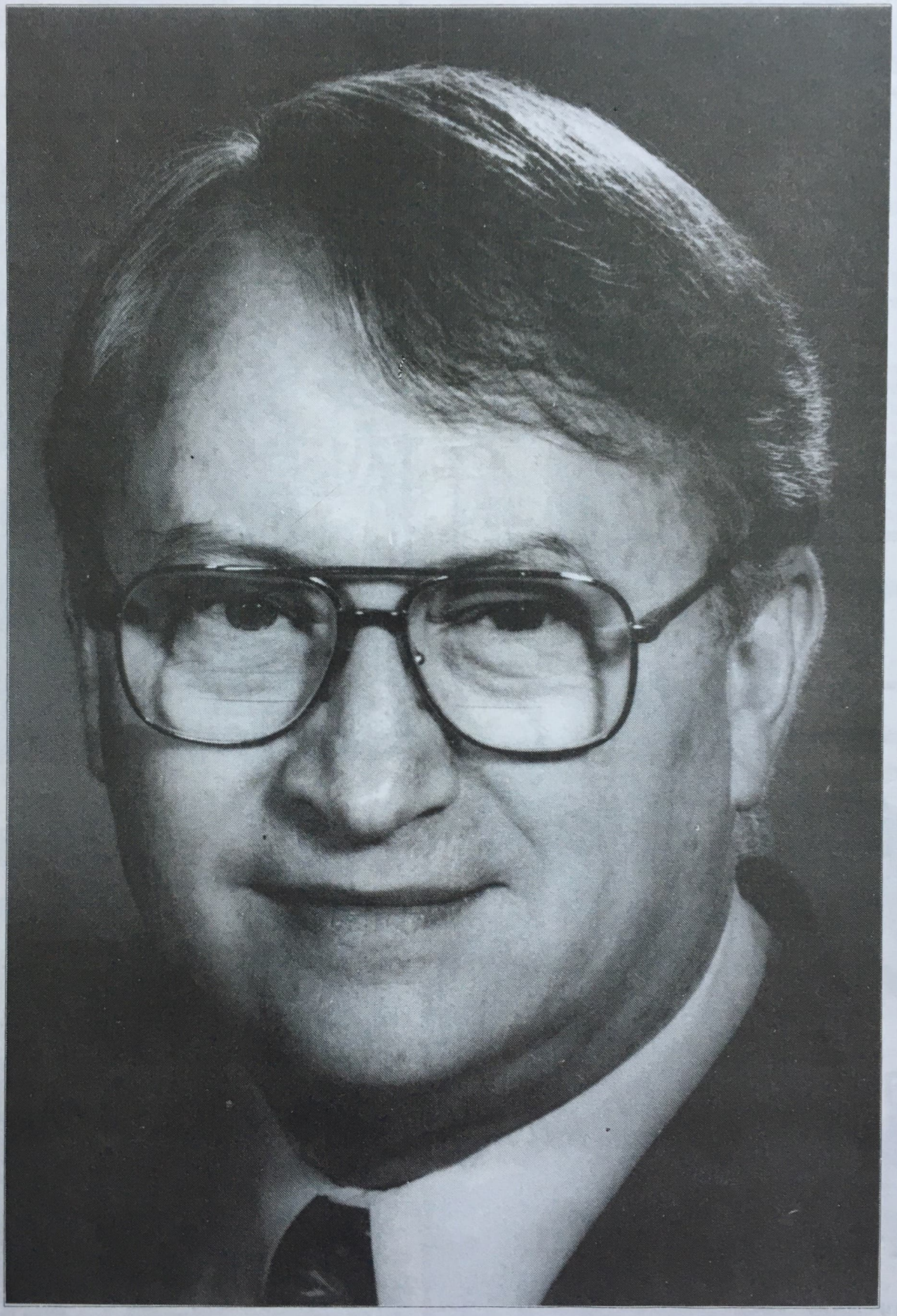


EMMA HODKER

SALUT VICTOR!: A Portrait of Love in a Nursing Home

LUIS TORRES

A little gem of a French-Canadian film that sympathetically portrays the love between two older men in a nursing home is now making its appearance in catalogs and video stores that carry material of interest to gays and lesbians. Although the film has a copyright date of 1988, discovering it came as a total surprise, for although I am an avid movie buff, generally well-informed as to what is available and what is coming up on film, I had never heard it mentioned in print or seen it advertised. Dealing as it does with the love between two older men, the film should be of special interest to CR readers.

As *Salut Victor!* opens, we are introduced to Philippe Lanctot—an elegant former antiques dealer—who still carries himself with dignity, although he appears extremely frail and can only move with difficulty using a cane. Philippe has just arrived at the obviously upscale nursing home and is being shown to his room and introduced to the routine of life in the institution.

A lifelong bachelor, Philippe lived with his younger sister until her death. Weakened by progressively declining health, he attempted to get out of bed in the middle of the night, fell, and found it impossible to get back on his feet. The experience of having to lie helpless in his wet pajamas through the night until the servants found him in the morning so humiliated him that he "decided to close up shop," putting his assets and affairs in the hands of his lawyer and arranging to live where he could have proper attention. Although he accepts the necessity of this move, he is obviously devastated by it and by his new circumstances.

Even as he is being acquainted with the nursing home, a bubbling, blustery figure bursts uninvited into his room. He is Victor Laprade, confined to a wheelchair by a massive heart attack that has left him unable to walk on his own except around his own room. Obviously a strong character, Victor does not let his infirmity hold him back. He wanders all over the institution, engaging others in conversation, challenging other wheelchair patients to race with him, and often getting into trouble with the staff for his antics. Although it is clear that Philippe does not welcome his presence, Victor offers to be his guide around the place when he feels up to it.

Gradually, Victor's character begins to break down Philippe's isolation and reserve, and Philippe accepts an invitation to Victor's room. Much to Philippe's surprise, the place is homey and cheery. "It looks," he tells Victor, "like the room of a college student from the nineteen forties!" Victor achieved his "decorating coup" by refusing to use the nursing home's motel-like furnishings" and bringing things from his own home to use instead. Soon we see evidence of Victor's effect on Philippe when we notice that Philippe also has had the institutional furnishings of his room replaced by his own furniture.

Their friendship deepens, and we learn that Victor is a former engineer, "not one of those theoretical types, but one who went out in the field with the guys at the construction sites." From their first meeting, Victor has given hints about his sexual orientation, and eventually he tells Philippe his story: He was married and had several children, all grown now and with families of their own. One of them is, in fact, paying for his residence in the home, which he could not afford on his own.

Victor had lived in apparent heterosexual normalcy until he met and fell madly in love with a pilot. Eventually, he made the decision to abandon his family and, leaving his insurance policy and his bank book on the kitchen table, went off with his lover to live in bliss for three years until the pilot's plane crashed against a mountainside. "Then," he says, "I found myself alone, and neither a father nor a grandfather," since his children had rejected him.

As Philippe becomes more and more attached to Victor, his outlook and his attitude change. Soon he is using his wealth to arrange outings away from the home for himself and Victor, and when Victor receives a letter from his son telling him that the son is considering retiring and can no longer afford to pay for his father's stay at the home, Philippe calls his lawyer and discreetly arranges to cover Victor's expenses.

Although he realizes that he does not want to lose Victor, Philippe has steadfastly fended off any mention of sexuality. Victor, however, gently presses him, and finally Philippe opens up, talking about himself to another human being for the first time, and thus opening the way for a true relationship with Victor.

The film deals with its subject and characters with infinite respect and sensitivity. There is not a single wrong note struck anywhere, and it is perhaps not surprising that is has taken a Canadian film with a female director, Anne Claire Poirier, to deal with a topic that has heretofore been ignored by film makers around the world. The two actors portraying the main characters, Jean-Louis Roux and Jacques Godin, do a magnificent job. Although the soundtrack is in French, the subtitles are both true to the dialogue and easy to read. *Salut Victor!* is a film that deserves much more attention and wider audience that it has apparently had thus far.

Check with your local gay book or video store to see if they have the film or can locate it for you. If they cannot, the film can be ordered (#45177) for $39.95 plus shipping from Shocking Gray, P.O. Box 15710, San Antonio, TX 78212-9998, (800) 788-4729, FAX 210-224-1043

Formerly with the National Geographic Society in Washington, D.C., LUIS TORRES is a free-lance writer and editor residing in San Antonio, Texas.

SURVIVING PROSTATE CANCER
by Dick Collins

For years I was having increasing problems with getting and keeping erections. Even getting it up enough for masturbation was a problem. I'd have a date with someone new looking for a top. I'd get it up, then after working for a while I'd lose it, maybe because of too much to drink or whatever. I'd get angry, try harder, get more and more frustrated, and in the end give up. It takes only a few experiences like that until what was only a temporary physical problem can become a psychological problem as well.

I'd heard about injections, medicines and mechanical devices that can help solve this problem, so I finally made an appointment with my urologist. I learned that injections can help in many cases but sometimes can cause priapism, an erection that won't go down, is painful and could require surgery to correct. The mechanical devices turned out to be no more than what you can buy at your local adult book store. The urologist prescribed *yokon* for me but I had to discontinue it since it caused me to have attacks of tachycardia (rapid heartbeat). It wasn't all that effective for me anyhow. Short of surgical implantation of a pump (I don't like the thought of getting cut there), the only alternative left was injection of male hormones. However, these can increase your chances of getting cancer.

Before beginning the injections, the doctor took blood for a PSA test, which can indicate whether or not you might have prostate cancer. If you already have prostate cancer, you certainly don't want injections of something that's going to make the cancer grow even faster. Normal reading for the PSA test is 0 to 4. When I went for my next appointment, I found the result of my PSA test was a reading of 35. The doctor took another sample, and this time the result was a 45. He then suggested that I have a sonogram with biopsy. He had also performed the old "finger wave" that indicated to him my prostate was normal in size but a little on the hard side.

The sonogram also showed my prostate to be normal ... but the biopsy showed I had stage 2 cancer. The instrument used for the biopsy and sonogram looks like a little dildo. The sonogram is done first, and then the doctor picks out from the sonogram various sites from which to take biopsies while the dildo is still inserted in your anus. From the dildo, a needle is fired (accompanied by a sound like a .22 rifle being shot in the next room) through the lining of the rectum into the underlying prostate, quickly withdrawing a sample. The first few times didn't hurt much, but I began to have one sore asshole after about twenty samples had been taken.

Once it is determined that you have cancer, your urologist will explain to you the next steps. First, you will be sent to a hospital to have a series of X-rays and CATscans using barium and radioactive isotopes to determine if the cancer has spread beyond the prostate. If it has spread, then treatment will be different than if it is still contained. Usually prostate cancer grows very slowly. When it occurs in the very old it is usually left untreated, since some of the methods of treatment could be more life threatening. Most commonly, the cancer spreads from the prostate into the bones, producing the most painful of all cancers.

Early detection is our greatest ally. Fortunately for me, all of my tests showed that the cancer was still contained within the prostate. Then came the most important step: how to treat the cancer. Your urologist will discuss treatments with you—but remember, the urologist is a surgeon. What do you think a surgeon will recommend?

My advice? Go to an oncologist or tumor specialist.

The oncologist may recommend radiation, chemotherapy, surgery, or a combination of all. The urologist will most likely recommend surgery. In surgery, the abdomen is opened up and the prostate is cored out with only the husk left in place. But remember that the husk can still have cancer cells in it. You have a better chance with this procedure of not becoming totally impotent and not having to wear a urine bag on your leg, as opposed to the old surgical procedure that includes radical removal of the prostate. The prostate looks sort of like a crabapple and is wrapped around your urethra so that when it is enlarged you can feel a burning sensation when you urinate. Benign enlargement can cause this burning also, but it is not cancerous, and the doctors can treat this type with medication.

After discussing the prospects with my oncologist, I chose the radiation treatments he had suggested. My chances were 90 percent that I would not be wearing a bag afterward and it would not increase the degree of impotence. With surgery, the percentages are just the opposite. Radiation is not invasive and there is no pain, just a mild tingling sensation. Once you begin, the treatments are given on a daily basis. You lie on a table under a giant X-ray machine that can turn 360 degrees around you. A small black dot is tattooed on your abdomen and another on each of your hips so that the machine can be set precisely to where you need to receive treat-

ment. You get zapped four times—once on each hip, the abdomen, and then the machine swings under you and zaps you from the back. At first, the radiation is focused on a larger area to get any stray cancer cells that might be outside the prostate, in the husk of the prostate or the nearby area (another good reason to get radiation treatment rather than surgery). Periodically, as your therapy continues, additional X-rays are taken of your prostate, and the radiation is narrowed as necessary.

Some of the side effects can be upset stomach, diarrhea, irritated (burned) skin in the area of radiation, and lethargy. Your therapist may recommend skin creams, medications, and antioxidant vitamins and minerals to offset these side effects. My family doctor warned me that it could have an adverse effect on my diabetes. My arthritis became increasingly painful.

About a month after the finish of my therapy, I was 90 percent back to normal with no loss of urine control and no more loss of erectility than I had before undergoing treatment. However, longtime recovery is about the same for both surgery and radiation. While going daily for my treatments, I made the acquaintance of an older man, about 78, who'd had the surgery. He related to me that the second night after his surgery, in spite of sedation, he was in so much pain he tore out the tubes in his arms and was discovered by the nurses wandering nude down the halls of the hospital.

Six months after my radiation treatments, my PSA was down to 3.4—within the normal range. Does that mean I was cured? I don't think cancer victims are ever cured. The factors that created it can cause it to reoccur; it has to be monitored for the rest of one's life. Once you have received radiation, you can't receive it again for that particular problem, but there are the other options still open to you.

I asked my oncologist what he thought had caused my cancer, and told him that I'd heard alcohol and tobacco were possible causes. He said that the medical establishment wasn't certain, but it was speculated that just as tobacco caused lung cancer, the men who were most sexually active, or who *wanted* to have sex most often (they weren't sure of which one) were most likely to get prostate cancer.

Get your PSA blood test done annually. It's even more urgent that you do so if you are horny all of the time.

The most unhappy part began for me after therapy was finished. The hospital was supposed to have a talk with me about finances and their billing practices. They never did. I had used up all of my savings on all the many procedures used to see if the cancer had spread before my therapy. I have social security, a small pension, and Medicare. No supplemental insurance. Bills came out of nowhere from people and companies I had never heard of. A specimen or X-ray is sent from one doctor to another for diagnosis. A machine owned by one company is located in some hospital operated by an independently licensed individual; you get bills from all three of them.

Everyone, including the hospital, begins billing you before they have even submitted the bills to Medicare. The stress is enough to do what the cancer might have done if left unchecked. You are responsible only for 20 percent of what Medicare determines is payable after they pay each of these bills. My first bill from the hospital was for over $15,000 and my copayment was still over $3,000 after Medicare's adjustment. The hospital wanted immediate payment.

I tried negotiating with them to pay $100 per month. If you are unable to pay the copayment, they have it within their power to waive it, as do all doctors as well. The hospital asked me to send in a financial statement. After I did, they didn't waive the copayment but suggested I try other agencies. Even though I was making a monthly payment, a threat to hand the bill over to a collection agency accompanied each monthly bill. It amounted to pure and simple harassment, and that should be illegal.

Because I suffer from high blood pressure and had earlier suffered a breakdown due to stress, and to avoid further tension and stress, I finally withdrew the money from my pension account and paid the bill in its entirety. This, of course, reduced my monthly income from then on.

In July, after paying their final bill, which included a statement that Medicare had paid its share, I received a notice that Medicare had paid them an additional amount for my last visit in April. Now I am trying to get back that amount. I find that even their accounting supervisors can't make heads or tails of their own billing procedures.

If you are over 65 or disabled, on Medicare, and in a financial situation similar to mine, don't start surgery or therapy until you convert to one of the managed health care programs, such as PruCare, Secure Horizons, or Golden Outlook if you are located in the Los Angeles area. There is no additional monthly premium; there is no 20 percent coinsurance payment; most office visits are $5 (under Medicare, most of mine ran about $7.50); and they provide limited prescription, dental, and eyeglass benefits that are not provided under Medicare. You do have to do everything through your primary care physician, so you spend more time running back and forth to the doctor's office. But in an emergency, or if you can't reach him, you don't have to go through your primary care physician. If for some reason you decide you just want to see someone outside the plan, then you have to pay the entire amount yourself.

I hope that my experience is beneficial to you guys out there. Keep healthy, keep active, and love to all of you.

DICK COLLINS is a professional artist and holds a masters degree in fine arts. He was a single parent for 14 years and a technical writer for 26. He's 65 and his last PSA reading was 2.4, which is normal.

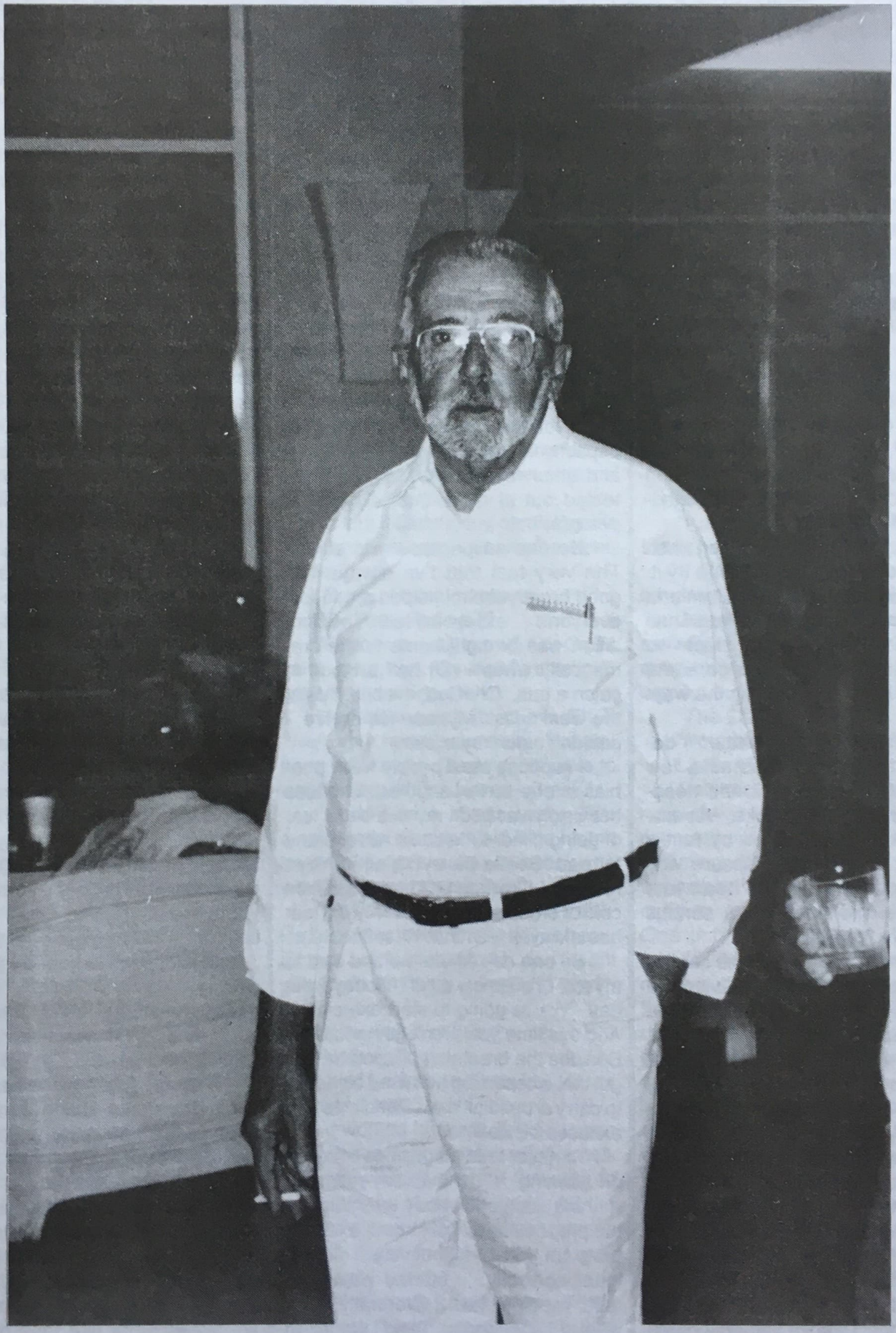


photo by CHOCOLAD

Get a Second Opinion ... Your Own

by Marsh Cassady

I've often told friends that I'm the healthiest sick man you'd ever want to meet. For starters, there are: asthma, high blood pressure, a heart attack (with accompanying high cholesterol) and diabetes ... plus four or five less serious, though chronic, ailments. Before I was able to get medical insurance in 1994, I was spending $400 to $450 a month on medications, thirteen different medications.

Despite these problems, at various times throughout the past decade and a half, I've done some running. I always wanted to go out for track in high school but couldn't due to scheduling conflicts.

My partner Jim was a runner; when we met, I decided, okay, now I'll try it. Then when I moved to California in 1980, finances were terrible, and I had three kids to finish rearing. I took two different jobs and tried to do some writing. The running fell by the wayside.

Seven or eight years later, I decided to try again. I lasted a few months; then suddenly I had deadlines for three different books. A stressful situation, complicated by family problems. My blood pressure was stratospheric, my resting heart rate was in the mid-nineties. A serious heart attack? What else!

I spent several days in the cardiac ICU. A few weeks after leaving the hospital, I started going for walks that gradually turned into runs. But then ... although my intentions were good, there are only so many hours in a day. And I had more deadlines and continued family problems. Of course, a person can find an excuse for not doing almost anything.

Last April Jim and I moved to the North Park section of San Diego. It's a quiet neighborhood with little traffic. I could run in nearby Balboa Park or on the streets. I had another reason to run now too. Despite various combinations of prescriptions over a period of four or five years, tests showed that my lung capacity had drastically diminished. The larger air passages were at approximately sixty percent of projected capacity for a man my size, the smaller at thirty-eight.

I'd been a professional actor and singer; I'd studied trumpet for eleven years. Can you imagine my shock at discovering the deterioration of my lungs? Especially considering that because of this background, my lung capacity for years—despite asthma and other respiratory ailments—had tested out at more than a hundred percent.

No one suspected the problem. The very fact that I've always had good breath control helped me to fool everyone ... except myself. The condition was brought home to me dramatically when I ran half a block to catch a bus. Oh, God, the chest pain, the weakness. My face felt on fire; I couldn't catch my breath.

I suppose most people have phobias of one sort or another. Because her vision was poor, my wife had a fear of going blind. She could never stand to read "Beetle Bailey;" his hat hides his eyes. Growing up I had a constant cold or croup or bronchitis. My big fear has always been that I'll suffocate.

So one day I woke up and said to myself: "You know what? Today's the day. You're going to start exercising. And this time you aren't going to stop. Besides the breathing bit, you have a gut that's becoming just a tad bit heavy to carry around all day. Deadlines and excuses be damned!

I'd never read magazines or books on running. I'd never investigated running shoes. Nobody ever told me the proper way to get into an exercise program. But instinctively I did the latter correctly. I started walking a mile, medium fast. Gradually, over weeks, I speeded up. And I started to jog, half a block at a time. Walk a block and a half, jog half a block. Walk a block, jog a block. Walk two blocks, jog two blocks.

Due to diabetes, I have problems with my feet. From the tip of my toes to the arch, I have no feelings on the bottom. It's as if someone has glued cardboard to my soles. I jogged in a pair of old Nikes. One day I came home, blisters covering my toes, the end of one shoe filled with a glob of jelled blood.

Okay, I told myself, you have some potentially serious problems here, but that doesn't mean you're going to quit running.

I bought Band-Aids, gauze, tape, ointment ... and running shoes recommended by the clerk at the sporting goods store as the very best. Wrong! They were expensive, stiff, heavy. I went to another shoe store, bought a lighter pair, more flexible. Each day I put on Band-Aids, gauze, tape, ointment. I investigated running shoes and became an expert.

One day in a second-hand store, I saw a copy of Jim Fixx's *The Complete Book of Running*. My partner Jim had had a copy years ago, but I'd never read it. That night I devoured it. I bought more books on running, subscribed to *Runner's World* magazine ... and all the while kept on jogging.

I went to my allergist. "Your lung capacity tests out better than at any other time in the past five years," he said. "Just look at these figures."

This was five months back, and I felt I was doing really well. I was running two-and-a-half miles a day. Pretty good for a desk chair jockey in his late fifties, I thought.

That's when the trouble started. I'd get home from running, totally exhausted, sink into a chair and ten minutes later try to get up. The world became black. Well, not completely so, rather more like tattered doilies

spread across both eyes. Black with splotches of dim light seeping through. This happened once, twice, three times. It was worse when I stooped or bent over.

I'm overly tired, I told myself. After all, I'm working a dozen or more hours a day writing that damned long textbook, and it's eating up my life; it *is* my life. Besides that, I wasn't sleeping more than four hours a night. And I had contracts for three *additional* books, a worse situation than when I'd had the heart attack.

Sometimes after running I felt terribly cold and crawled under the covers. Sometimes I stayed in bed for an hour, two hours, once even three hours. One day I stood and started toward the bathroom to take my shower, and the doilies again fell across my eyes.

I made it inside the bathroom door when the holes in the doilies disappeared. I disappeared ... for an instant. I woke up to find myself falling hard against the toilet, so hard that I knocked it loose from the floor.

What is this? I asked. Ah ha, I suddenly thought. I was losing weight; I was generally in better condition. Could it be that I was over-medicated? Could it be that I didn't need so much diabetes medication? (I take pills, not insulin injections.) Or so much medication as I'd been taking for hypertension? I have a sphygmomanometer, recommended after my heart attack, so I took my blood pressure. Fifty-eight over forty-two! My God!

I called the nurse at my internist's office and told her about the blacking out, about the blood pressure. She called back within five minutes and told me to come right in.

"Could this be the result of taking too much blood pressure medication?" I asked the internist.

He took my blood pressure. "It's a little low," he said, "but I don't want to take you off your medication."

"What about the diabetes pills?"

"How long since you've had your blood sugar tested?"

"A long time."

"Have you been doing anything different?"

"Well ... I've been running. I'm up to two-and-a-half miles a day."

"Well, cool it," he said.

"What!"

"Just cool it. No more exercise. I want you to make an appointment with the cardiologist immediately. In fact, ask someone at the desk to call. And remember, no more exercise."

No more exercise? Despite the fact that he'd preached to me through the years the value of exercising regularly? Why not give me the damn tests? Why not lower the dosage of my Glyburide (15 mgs a day)? My Lotensin (20 mgs a day)? My Cardizem (180 mgs a day)?

My appointment was set for the following afternoon, but someone had messed up. The cardiologist was on vacation. When I explained my situation, they paged his partner, who ordered an EKG.

To put it bluntly, my cardiologist's partner is an ass. "So you've been blacking out?"

"Yeah. I think maybe—"

"Do you still drive?"

"Of course, I still drive." For God's sake, man, I'm fifty-eight years old, not some dottering relic!

He had the results of the EKG. "Well, your heart looks okay. But you need other tests. Tests you'll have to wait to take till Dr. Juarez is back."

"I just had a stress test. Two months ago. Juarez said if he hadn't known I'd had a heart attack, he wouldn't have been able—"

"Dr. Juarez will be back in a week. He'll see you then. That's all I can say. Except in the meantime, I don't want you to do anything. Anything physical."

"Now wait a minute."

"Nothing!"

I tried to ask questions; he ignored them and stood up to leave.

I'd worked too hard, building up to running this far just to let it all go to hell. And why wasn't anyone listening to me? It's my body, damn it. All the things I'd been reading about running said to listen to your body. I was listening.

For a week I didn't run. In the meantime, I had a glucose test. Liz, my internist's nurse called. "Dr. Jennings says to cut your diabetes medication in half. And he doesn't feel you need to see Dr. Juarez."

So it *was* my medication. That second opinion—mine—was proving correct. The next morning I was out the door early and running. And a strange thing happened. Two-an-a-half miles was nothing! Three miles. Three-and-a-half. Four. Five. Double what I'd been doing. I thought back to that half block at a time. How exhausted I'd felt, staggering up onto the porch, barely able to get inside, sinking into the closest chair.

I felt I could run forever.

A month later I went back to the internist's office. Liz checked my blood pressure. A few minutes later Jennings checked it again.

"Still running?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I don't supposed you've fasted today."

"I figured you might want me to have my blood sugar tested."

Jennings smiled. The next day he called me. "Let's cut that Glyburide down to one pill a day. And I think we can cut out the Cardizem."

"The Cardizem?"

"Your blood pressure's fine."

Listen to your body.

Only rarely did I not feel like running—twice in eight or nine months. I ran anyhow. Sure, sometimes my asthma got the better of me. I'd sit on the nearest fireplug and rest. I always carry my primary inhalant. Brethaire. One puff, inhale deeply. Wait one minute. Another puff. Sometimes my chest hurt. Sometimes I made it five hundred steps, a thousand, fifteen hundred. Sometimes I made it only a hundred before asthma forced me to stop again.

Those were the bad days. But, oh, man, those good days. Six miles, seven miles. There were no more blisters on my feet; loose skin had peeled away. Eight miles. Nine miles.

I twisted my back, stopped running. It was spring, the worst season for asthma. After five days, I started running again. Two miles. Three miles. One mile. Ten miles! It was a

cool day, weather conditions just right to ease my breathing problems.

Sometimes when I got back from running, I still felt like crawling under the covers. I was sleepy and cold. And every day for an hour, two hours, my fingers looked as if they'd been dipped in white paint. They were bloodless, corpse-like.

I picked up the phone and dialed. "Liz," I said, "my fingers are ice cold for hours at a time. They tingle; when I touch something, I can barely feel it. Terrible circulation."

"I'll talk to Dr. Jennings and ask him to call you."

That evening Jennings called. "I'll talk to the cardiologist," he said. "In the meantime, get your blood sugar tested again."

A few days later the phone rang. "Let's cut the Glyburide again," he said. "Half a pill."

"Great!" I answered.

"And ... are you keeping up the same level of exercise?"

"Except for a few days when I strained my back."

"You're sure it's the same level?"

"I'm sure."

"I talked to Juarez about your fingers. I want you to monitor your blood pressure very carefully."

"Yes?"

"I don't suppose it's very easy to cut the Lotensin in half?"

"No." I chuckled. "Not with the sort of pill it is." The pill is tiny, rounded, thick.

"Let's cut it out then, and see how it goes."

"The Lotensin?" My God, I'd been on blood pressure medication for decades. I don't remember a time as an adult when my blood pressure hadn't been much too high—systaltic hovering in the 180 to 190 range, diastolic 95 to 105, even with medication.

Jennings voice was insistent. "Be sure to monitor your blood pressure."

"Thank you," I said.

Cut out the Lotensin? I was afraid. The arrhythmia I'd suffered for years hadn't re-occurred in the months since I'd been taking it. Cut out the medication entirely? No! Two days went by. On the third morning, I was in the bathroom counting out my pills. Oh, what the hell, just try it, I thought. I screwed the lid back on the Lotensin and went out running.

Two hours later my blood pressure was 120/60. It went up slightly during the day: 144/72. The next day it was similar.

No more Cardizem, no more Lotensin. One-sixth of my diabetes medication. Well, sure, you were overmedicated, just what you thought, I told myself. But not that much! I'd never have believed I could cut down that much. I'd cut my weight too, by forty-five pounds so far.

Running! That's what it was. And diet. Three years ago I made the decision to become a vegetarian.

Because my diabetes had been gradually worsening for several years, I'd cut out sugar altogether—except literally one small bite if something looked just too good to pass up. And, of course, like most diabetics, I keep a little candy around for those times when the blood sugar drops, usually because I've waited too long to eat.

Exercise, weight loss, diet. Isn't that what's recommended for a healthful life? Well ... yes, but there's the matter of that second opinion too. Listening to my body, being my own diagnostician. I recommend it. Who knows a person better than himself ... if he really pays attention?

Of course, I don't mean that a person should disregard a medical opinion given by a health care professional. On the other hand, don't just blindly accept what you're told. Be skeptical; question it.

I have a good internist; he admitted I had been right. I suspect he used to be a runner too. Now that he's sure I'm keeping it up—you bet my life I am!—he's all in favor of it. He and Liz. The last time I saw them, they actually beamed when they learned I was down to 178 pounds (with my clothes and my shoes and my six foot height!), and my medical problems were simply melting away with the pounds.

A few days ago I started coughing up blood. Hmmm? A few years back, one of my nasal inhalants was playing hell with the lining of my nose. Could the same thing be happening with my lungs?

"Liz," I said into the phone, "I've been coughing up blood."

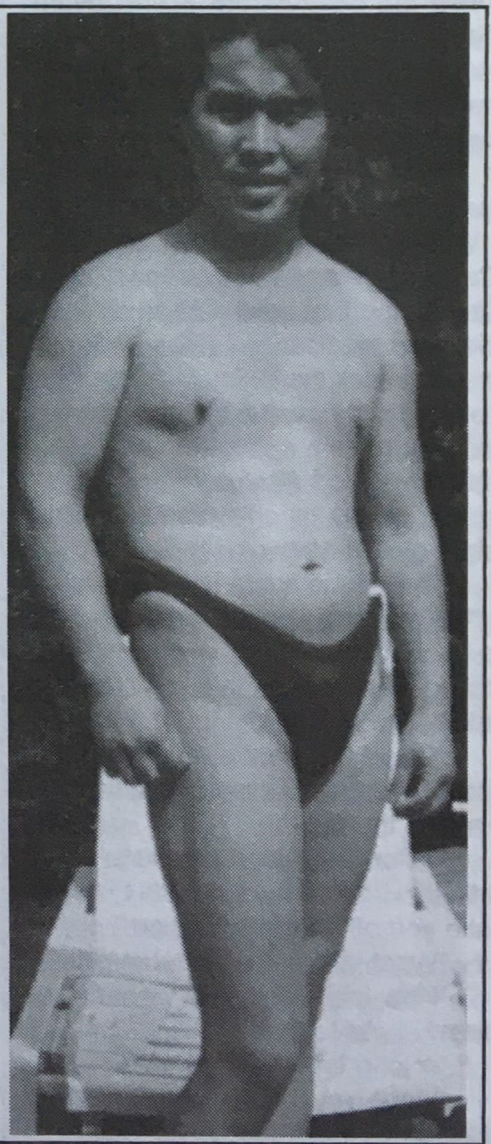
"Do you use sprays for your allergies?" she asked.

"Yeah. Four of them."

Second opinion? Exactly, and believe me I've learned to listen. How else could I remain the healthiest sick person you'd ever want to meet?

MARSH CASSADY is the distinguished author of 35 books, from science fiction to college textbooks. He holds a Ph.D. in theater and has been a literary magazine publisher as well as a professor. He lives in San Diego with his lifemate, JIM KITCHEN. Both Marsh and Jim will be inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the '96 Gathering.

Author's Note: All health worker names above are fictionalized.



SINE - photo by FRANCIS

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Is the Town & Country Hotel and Convention Center, located at 500 Hotel Circle North in exquisite San Diego. Situated on 32 beautifully landscaped acres, the Town & Country is truly a city within a city. It has 1,000 rooms from ranch-style garden rooms to penthouse suites. It also boasts four restaurants, a rooftop lounge with live music, four swimming pools, and a health club offering tennis, racquetball and spa facilities. Golf and some of the best shopping in Southern California are adjacent to the hotel property. The airport is only 10 minutes away, and attractions such as the San Diego Zoo, Sea World, Balboa Park, Mission Bay and Old Town are even closer. Wild Animal Park and Mexico aren't far away. The hotel has offered us special rates for single to quad occupancy as follows:

$80 for Garden Rooms (345 available); $90 for Tower Rooms

HOTEL RESERVATIONS

Are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling the Atlas Hotel chain toll-free number, (800) 77-ATLAS (772-8527). Tell the operator that you would like to make hotel reservations for the Chiron Rising Spring '96 Gathering at the Town & Country in San Diego. Foreign: call the Town & Country direct at (619) 291-7131. A prepayment of one night's deposit (by check, money order or major credit card) is required and is fully refundable if a written cancellation notice is received by the hotel more than 48 hours prior to arrival time.

Note: If you have difficulty getting around, make sure you tell the reservations clerk that you would like to be housed near the convention center.

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEE

Pay the hotel for your room. Pay CR for the functions. The following advance total package fee is per person:

Before 8/31/95:	$120
Before 12/31/95:	$140
Before 4/30/96:	$160

Note: No registration sales will be made after 4/30/96. All registrations received with a postmark after that date will be returned. Sorry, no per-event badges will be available for purchase at the door.

Advance registration fees are fully refundable if cancellation is made prior to 12/31/95. If made prior to 4/30/96, a cancellation charge of $20 will apply. No refunds will be available after 4/30/96. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate.

FUNCTION REGISTRATION AND CONFIRMATION

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited; however, we do reserve the right to refuse registration to past troublemakers. Registration must be made using the appropriate form, which is available upon request.

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

(Note: All events will utilize cash bars, which means that attendees must pay for their own beverages except for hospitality room coffee and beverages served with meals. CR will provide hors d'oeuvres during cocktail parties and receptions. We feel it is unfair to include the high cost of alcoholic beverages in the package price when so many attendees abstain from alcohol. The money is much better spent for food and entertainment.)

Friday, May 24th

1:00 pm to 4:00 pm - Registration
5:30 pm to 7:00 pm - Reception.
7:00 pm to 8:30 pm - ThemeBuffet.
8:30 pm to 12 m -Hospitality Room, Cabaret Entertainment/Dancing, Karaoke Lounge, Pool Party

Saturday, May 25th

10:00 am to 11:45 am - Workshops, Art Exhibit.
2:00 pm to 2:45 pm - Workshops, Recitals, Art Exhibit.
5:30 pm to 7:00 pm - Cocktail Party.
7:00 pm to 10:00 pm - Hall of Fame Awards Banquet.
10:00 pm to 12:00 m - Same as Friday

Sunday, May 26th

10:00 am to 11:45 am - Workshops, Art Exhibit.
2:00 pm to 2;45 pm - Workshops, Recitals, Art Exhibit.
5:30 pm to 7:00 pm - Cocktail Party.
7:00 pm to 10:00 pm - Dinner Show
10:00 pm to 12:00 m - Same as Friday

Monday, May 27th

9:00 am to 10:30 am - Continental Breakfast. Announcements, farewells.

ACT NOW

Seating for the dinner functions is limited to 1,100. Sellout is imminent.

SEE YOU THERE!

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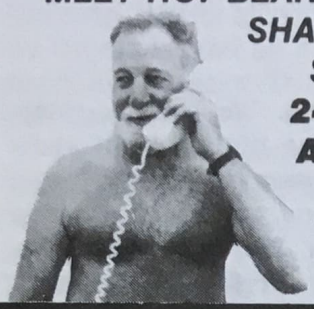

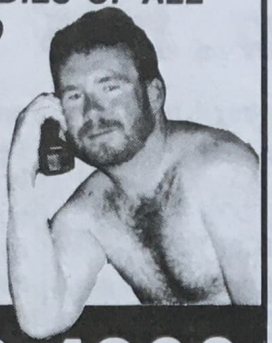

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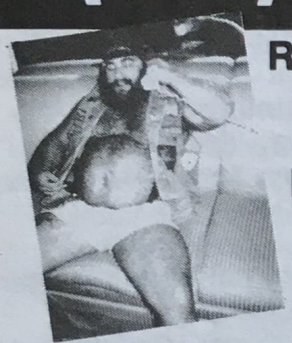

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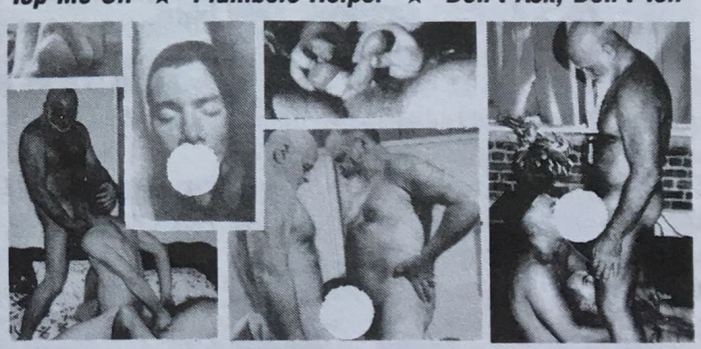

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3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00
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#58, #59, #60, #61, #62, #63, #64, #65, #66, #67, #68	3.00 EA	6.00 EA
CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#2, #3, #4, #5	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#6	8.00 EA	10.00 EA
CRONUS - ANNUAL ISSUE		
#1	10.00 EA	12.00 EA

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	BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
QUADRAPLEX (VHS-NTSC)	49.95
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MOJAVE (VHS-PAL)	60.95
ADD SHIPPING AND HANDLING:	
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Air Mail Postage - Europe	6.00 EA
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	8.00 EA
Sales Tax for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Base Price	

(Note: VHS-NTSC is the system used in North America and Japan. VHS-PAL is used in Europe and Australia. VHS-SECAM is not available.)

NOTE: IN ARIZONA, ALABAMA, FLORIDA, GEORGIA, MISSISSIPPI, NORTH CAROLINA, SOUTH CAROLINA, TENNESSEE, TEXAS AND UTAH, WE SHIP VIDEOS AND CRONUS MAGAZINE TO ESTABLISHED (OVER ONE YEAR) CUSTOMERS ONLY .

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QUINCUNX - (PERFECT BOUND ONLY - NO HARD BOUND AVAILABLE	10.95 EA
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SORRY, NO COD OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS. ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF VIDEOS OR BOOKS. ALLOW 2 TO 5 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF MAGAZINES. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS.

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HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: IN ORDER FOR AN AD TO APPEAR IN ISSUE #70(OCT '95), IT MUST BE RECEIVED AT CR NO LATER THAN AUGUST 15, 1995.

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65, preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking, traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply. Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."

50 words @ 30 ¢ = $ 15.00 X 3 Issues =	$45.00
Telephone confirmation	5.00
Total Enclosed	$50.00

My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

VIPs, DON'T FORGET YOUR 10% DISCOUNT ON ADS!

IN CLOSING

Life is absurd sometimes. Every time I attempt to carry out a designed plan of action, obstacles fall in the way and make me look like an idiot. Take our plan to move to San Diego, lease an office/warehouse facility, and hire a staff. We thought it was a great idea, but we never considered not being able to sell our house or having to come up with very hard-to-get liability insurance to satisfy a commercial building lease agreement. Take our national search for an operations manager. Bruce, Gary Blowers, J.O. and PHOTOMAN finally came forth after the operations manager situation didn't pan out and knocked on my head. "HELLO?! ANYBODY HOME?"

Okay, I've awakened, and my head is now free of the confines of my rectum. CR must be run the same way as the Orlando Gathering was run. One man can't handle a massive gathering, and one man can't handle the leviathan that CR has become. I've been doing as much hands-on work as possible and depending upon contract and part-time help to keep us moving, but burnout looms over the horizon. Management by triage doesn't cut it; all the wheels have to be spinning at the same time or we move sputtering in circles.

Our core group has been in place for some time now, and it has suddenly become apparent that we have enough creative and technical ammunition to fight a small holy war. The next move is therefore a no-brainer: incorporate and share the rewards, along with the responsibilities. In the process we protect CR and make sure that it lives on after we're gone.

After the end of the third quarter of this year, I will release a profit and loss statement for the benefit of those Hall of Famers, VIPs and contributors who have expressed an interest in acquiring stock in our closed "S" corporation. The core group will launch the corporation the first of '96. I will, of course, transfer assets from the existing sole proprietorship and raise the balance of capital to control 51 percent of the stock. Under "S" corporation regulations, we will be limited to 35 stock holders but will end up with considerably fewer, lest the annual stockholders' meetings turn into mini-gatherings.

The corporation will consist of *Chiron Rising* Magazine, *CR Classics* Magazine, Chiron Rising Books (may be dropped), Chiron Rising Productions (non-porn and artistically redeeming erotic videos), and the Spring Gatherings. Swan Productions ("Mojave," "Quadraplex" and "The Gallery") will not be part of the corporation; rather, it will either remain in the proprietorship or a newly formed partnership. *CRonus* Magazine has not proven to be an equitable venture and will be abandoned.

I just turned 55 and Bruce will be 75 in December. We've earned a rest. We've paved the way for the creation of a wonderful product, but CR needs the ingredients we haven't been able to provide, such as financial acumen, the ability to attract display advertising income, and the know-how to get the optimum use of our computers—to name only a few frustrations. Quite frankly, neither Bruce nor I have the energy or the business savvy to dynamically lead an organization on the verge of another big year.

***

The 1996 Spring Gathering in San Diego already appears to be transforming into an arts and entertainment festival. God knows what all we'll incorporate into the party. If you are a seasoned entertainer and would like to be considered for our dinner show, cabaret shows, poolside entertainment or recital series, contact us and send a tape. If you are a professional artist and would like to exhibit your work, send us a brochure and/or photos of your work. If you were a professional dancer and are still in good health (age and size don't matter), send us a photo and tell us about what you've done (choreographers too).

Does this all sound wild or what?

We're even planning a "treasure hunt" game that all attendees can play. Riddles giving clues to the treasure's location will be posted on a bulletin board during the day, and the final riddle will be posted on Sunday afternoon. The lucky guy who locates the top prize certificate will be awarded a complete set of sold out *Swan, Chiron Rising* and *CR Classics* magazines going back to the very first in 1986. Estimated value: up to $2,000.00, plus or minus a couple of hundred.

We're considering other prizes and surprises as well, but we're holding off announcing them pending the turnout. If sellout appears imminent, we might even offer advance sale hospitality passes (would include everything except the buffet, awards banquet and dinner show).

Stay tuned to this station.

Have a great summer and try to stay cool.

Love, Pat and Bruce

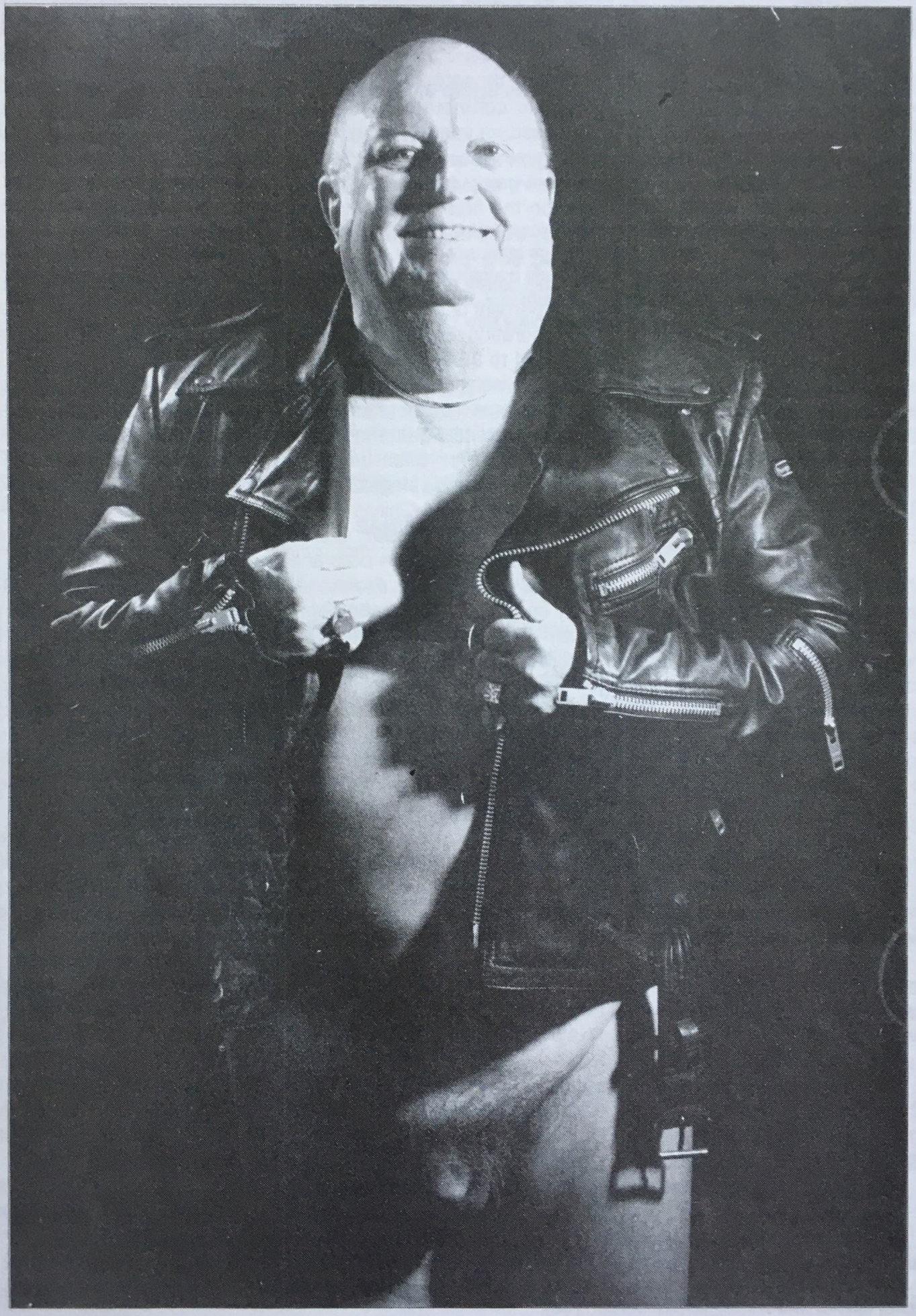

photo by MICHAEL TALLGRASS

PAUL NELSON
Coronet
SHUTTERBUG

EX-BUCKEYE

PHOTOMAN